



The life  
& times  
of  
Garnie  
Brown

# FRANK

FRANK BY NAME, FRANK BY NATURE

ISSUE 577 GOOD TIL FEBRUARY 2, 2010

\$3.00



Local  
porn star  
remembered

## FAMILY MATTERS

HARPER MARRIAGE QUESTIONS

*Prime Minister Stephen  
Harper & wife Laureen.*

**South End  
divorce drama  
heats up**

# TWEETS OF THE WEEK

Follow **Frank** on Twitter at [www.twitter.com/Atlantic\\_Frank](http://www.twitter.com/Atlantic_Frank). Because you never know when Frank may be watching.



**Chef Ray Bear**



**Tara Sutherland**

**Dave Carroll's  
United Breaks  
Guitars vid.**



- **Dave "United Breaks Guitars" Carroll** appears on ABC's cluck-fest, *The View*. Video @ [http://bit.ly/the\\_view](http://bit.ly/the_view).
- That lady at the **7th Avenue Boutique** in Barrington Place should really stop taking hair tips from Phil Spectre. (*Tweeted Jan. 15*)
- Methinks (former Rodney MacDonald mouthpiece) **Sasha Sue Irving** is starting to look a lot like **Sheila Fougere**. (*Tweeted Jan. 14*)
- **Donald and Keifer Sutherland's** Valley cousin, **Dr. Tara Sutherland**, has joined Dr. Wayne Hills's Main Street Dental (Wolfville).
- Methinks **Snap Halifax** is the only periodical w/ more typos than

## Frank.

- Some wide-eyed pinhead @ **Just Us** on SGR just said **Mike Puffy** is a great journalist. (*Tweeted Jan. 10*)
- **Chef Ray Bear** spotted @ Reflections last nite. Wasn't that **22 Minutes** star **Gavin Crawford** @ Menz? [*It was! — ed.*] (*Tweeted Jan. 10*)
- Uh oh! Is that real fur **Mrs. (David) Hendsbee** is wearing? Better yet, is that a bona fide N.S. tartan garment bag (David) is carrying? Yikes! (*Tweeted Dec. 25 @ Stanfield Airport*)

## HATE MAIL OF THE MONTH!

# 'F--K OFF, FRANK'

### Dear Frank:

I'm writing regarding **Richard LeBlanc** and **Ray Nelson (Frank 575)**, hereinafter referred to as **R&R**.

What is it you can find to tickle your writer's itch regarding these two individuals? The tragedy of a long and successful partnership ending, the stress felt by employees, business associates, not to mention wives, sons, daughters, and friends.

What is there in this that any of us out here in public land should care about?

You are the pus in the pimple of our cynical nature in general. One of many heads. On the subject of heads, I think I know where you keep yours and it must be quite a feat to blow a little smoke out that crack with your head shoved so far up it.

On the same bent, it is not hard to imagine where you get all the crap you write about because of your diet and breathing all that

methane must make it difficult to have an original thought.

On the subject of R&R and all the other good folks you write about: just people, dude. We are all busy, living, dying, learning, laughing, crying, and most importantly minding our own business.

So leave us alone. Get a job, Frank. Stop abusing the lives of others. You are not exercising free speech in your toilet paper rag. You are being downright abusive.

To close I will repeat myself. My age allows this. Leave R&R alone. They have a long road ahead of them. Both of them. And the outcome is not good for either of them. One will no doubt suffer justice and the other will suffer a loss of reputation in a community that is tightly knit and this is a reputation that took a lifetime to build. A good and solid reputation built on honesty and a practice of meaning what he says. In this travesty, one of the Rs had already lost his rights as a realtor and as a mortgage broker. What more he will lose remains to be seen. The other R suffers loss of reputation just by association. So fuck off, Frank. Leave them both alone. Get a job and quit being the loser you pretend to be. There is hope for all mankind, Frank, even you.

**Ann Greeguy,  
Yarmouth**

ATLANTIC CANADA FRANK  
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA  
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FEBRUARY 2, 2010



Ah, the magnitude of my many triumphs never seem to amaze me. I guess to know, know, know me is to love, love, love me. And I do, and I do, and I do, and I do.

I guess I'm just too perfect. Beyond compare. Complete. Flawless. Gawd, I wish there was enough superlatives in the English language to describe me and my perfect hair. Perhaps there should be two or three English languages. Four, even! Oh, dear. Just call me Mr. Wonderful I guess.

Anyway, enough about me.

What you need to know is that me and my sniffer dog, *Tractorpull*, have just returned from Port-au-Despair, where we single-handedly rescued many people, including 16,217 Roman Catholic arch-bishops.

Unfortunately though, none of our (*that would be me and Tractorpull*) heroic, selfless acts of archbishop rescuing were caught on tape, so me and *Tractorpull* left and came back home.

But I know we did our best. Take my word on that.

There's no need to call me a hero. But if you must, then you must. What can I say? Nothing really, just to say to all the good people back home that me and *Tractorpull* are still doing our part, just like we did all those years ago on that September morning.

Sincerely,  
**A. Frank Symington**  
Los Angeles waiter  
(Also available for card tricks  
at kids' birthday parties  
& bar mitzvahs)

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Patrimoine  
canadien

Canadian  
Heritage

## TAKING A CHANCE IN THE TROPICS

BY WAYE GERITALL

**NOVA SCOTIA GAMING CORP.** BUREAUCRATS ARE PLAYING MISSIONARIES IN **BERMUDA**, BUT RATHER THAN HAND OUT **BIBLES** TO THE NATIVES, OUR BENEVOLENT EVANGELISTS ARE SPREADING THE HOLY GOSPEL OF GAMBLING.

While NSGC spokestheingy **Robyn MacIsaac** did not return my message, I understand a contingent from **Marie Mullally's VLT**-crusaders are Bermuda-bound at the invitation of its Premier **Ewart Brown**.

I sincerely hope all the poor NSGC officials, forced on the taxpayer-funded slot jockey junket, remember to pack their Bermuda shorts and bring plenty of sunscreen, as the tropical isle hits a balmy **20C** in January, while we freeze our buns off and curse our home heating bills.

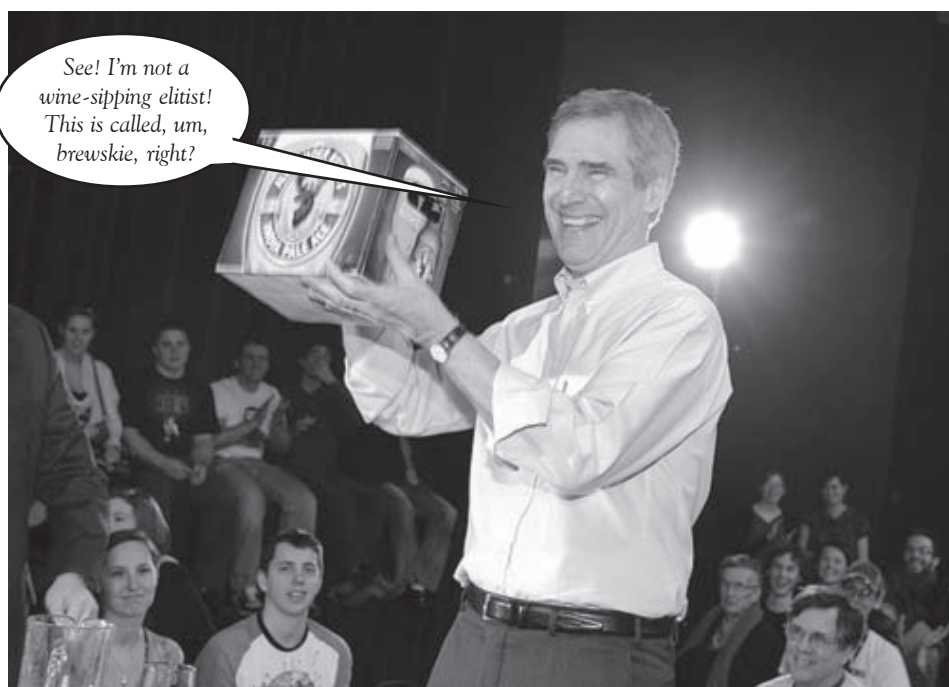
I'm not sure who from NSGC is unlucky

enough to brave the **Bermuda Triangle** jinx, who knows, perhaps Marie was called off to solve the gambling woes in **Yellowknife**. I'm sure they must have gambling woes **Up North** that Marie could help solve. Say, in **Greenland**? Why, I bet it's just as gambling-friendly in Greenland as it is in Bermuda. Betcha **10 to 1** you'll never see Marie and her cohorts descend on a **Nordic** country in mid-winter. (*Don't you know gambling is bad for you? — ed.*)

It is my understanding that the fine folks in Premier Brown's office asked Marie & co. for house rules on establishing a casino or two. God knows if there's anything we're great at in **Nova Scotia**, it's crab cakes and casinos.

I confidently predict a rise in suicides among the natives, once the poor devils are hooked on gambling.

Does Frank Know?  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca



Michael Ignatieff at Dal.

## GETTING THE MESSAGE TO THE OLD FARTS

**STEPHEN HARPER** MAY HAVE SHUT DOWN THE **HOUSE**, BUT ON **JANUARY 12** **MICHAEL IGNATIEFF** MANAGED TO INSULT DOZENS OF **DALHOUSIE** STUDENTS. (*IT'S A DRAW. — ED.*)

I understand up to **100** students who arrived to hear Iggy the lame duck Opposition leader pontificate at Dal were turned away at the door.

Apparently there was no room at the inn, perhaps due to the number of seats reserved for professorial bums.

Funny, I did not realize profs paid tuition to keep Dal's doors open. I must have missed the press release on that one.

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# EX-MINNIE GORD GOES BACK TO HIS ROOTS

By Hy Octane

**GORDON BALSER**, THE **JOHN HAMM-ERA** CABINET MINISTER WHO REPRESENTED **DIGBY-ANNAPOLIS** IN THE **HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY** FOR FIVE YEARS, CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY MY ORGAN IS INTERESTED IN THE FACT THAT HE'S WORKING AS A GAS JOCKEY AT A LOCAL GARAGE.

I just had to call the mustachioed former politico when a tipster informed me that Gord had been spotted serving customers at **T&C Motors** on **Highway #1** in **Digby** as of late. The **55-year-old**, who retired from his post at **Digby Elementary** last year, wasn't happy to hear from me. (*Was he afraid you'd ask him to check the oil?* — **ed.**)

Although Gord confirmed that he's been an employee of T&C proprietor **Jim MacAlpine** since he was a teenager, he declared it to be "very curious" that I would call and bother him.

"I was the first kid they hired down there when I was **16 years** old," he declared, leaving the impression that he will continue to consider himself a T&C toiler until the end of his days.

Unfortunately, just when I thought Gord was settling in to tell me an

anecdote or two, he cut himself off.

"I don't know why I'm even talking to you; I'm just digging a hole for myself," he sighed. So I bade him good night.

The gentleman who answered the phone down at T&C confirmed that Gord had been working part time, but he hadn't been around all week. Guess his schedule's sorta loosey-goosey.

Gord enjoys pensions for his years of "service" as an MLA, along with another for his teaching career, which spanned four decades.

He held ministerial portfolios including **Economic Development, Transportation & Public Works, Agriculture & Fisheries** and **Public Service Commission** before his **2003** defeat at the hands of **Junior Theriault**.

Gordon's boss down at the gas station, incidentally, is the father of ex-realtor **Ron MacAlpine (Frank 503, 529)** and **Digby** deputy warden **Jimmy**.

*Does Frank Know?*  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca



Gordon Balser

## AND THE FRANKLAND DUMBEST INTERVIEW AWARD GOES TO...

By I.N. Ayne

FILLER IS A NECESSARY EVIL IN ANY NEWSROOM, FROM **THE NEW YORK TIMES** TO **FRANK MAGAZINE**, AND ALL POINTS IN BETWEEN.

Space, or airtime, has to be filled with content during the dog days of summer, the **Christmas** holidays, or a **63-day** prorogation of **Parliament** (see: **Chronicle Herald Ottawa** bureau chief **Stephen Maher** in **Haiti**).

At its best, like any good journalism, filler can be entertaining and thought-provoking. At its worst, it can be **Metro Halifax** reporter **Paul McLeod's** achingly asinine interview with **Premier Darrell Dexter**, which readers of the free commuter daily were forced to endure on **December 22**.

Granted, the headline **Dexter Reflects On The Decade That Was** keeps expectations to a minimum. Amazingly, the piece fails to deliver even on that scant promise.

At his best, interrogator Paul plays the set-up man for **Dear Leader's** already-voiced opinions on the economic meltdown, **Copenhagen**, and the province's finances. At his worst, the former **Daily News** contract reporter asks the preem about trends and topics that one would hardly expect him to have an opinion on in the first place.

**PM:** Which was more annoying this decade: **Reality TV** or emo music?

**DD:** *Boy, do you have to choose? Because they're both pretty annoying.*



For the record, emo culture is characterized by bands like **Jimmy Eat World** and **My Chemical Romance**, who wear tight jeans, dark colours, and sing about depressing things. Ten bucks says **Dexterovitch**, a fan of the **Beatles** and **John Prine**, didn't have a sweet clue what Paul was talking about. (*Neither did I* — **ed.**)

**PM:** Right now, the hottest thing going is **Twilight**. Any predictions on the next big fad?

**DD:** *I haven't seen any of the Twilight movies, so I don't know. This is the vampire youth teen love stories, is that what they are? No, I don't really know.*

That should've been the headline, really. **Premier Fails To Guess What The Kids Might Be Watching In The Next 10 Years**.

Incidentally — in a move that highlights the immeasurable wisdom of Metro's central newsroom in **Toronto** or **Amsterdam** or wherever the hell Metro Halifax is laid out — the interview appears directly above a banner ad wishing "you and yours a happy holiday season," courtesy of the **N.S. Progressive Conservative Caucus**.

*Does Frank Know?*  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca

# DON'T CRY FOR ME LAKEVIEW-WINDSOR JUNCTION-FALL RIVER... TROUBLE IN STICKSVILLE

By CHE GUEVARA

FORMER HRM COUNCILLOR **KRISTA SNOW** DENIES RUMOURS THAT REVOLUTIONARY FORCES INFILTRATED THE **LAKEVIEW-WINDSOR JUNCTION-FALL RIVER RATEPAYERS ASSOCIATION** AND TOPPLED LWF HEAD **SANDRA CARR** IN A BLOODLESS COUP.

"No, for Chrissake. It would be pretty pathetic if that's all we had to do around here," the eminently quotable Krista tells me.

**Investors Group** consultant Krista firmly denies the version I heard from one source, who fingered her as the ringleader in "a coup, a set-up, a lynching" of longtime LWF volunteer Sandra, who served the LWF faithful as board secretary for **three** years prior to her **2008** presidency.

In a nutshell, Sandra entered the **December 6** confab as LWF supremo, but left stripped of her presidential role, due to a change in bylaws the membership ratified.

Essentially the new bylaws render Sandra geographically unfit to govern, although she lived in LWF-marked territory for more than **50** years before moving two seconds away to the non-LWF Fall River neighbourhood of **St. Andrews Village**. According to two different district newsletters, which I'm told belong to separate camps, Sandra apparently believed her LWF stature was secure and grandfathered under the old rules.

But as Krista argues: "You can't have special rules. Bylaws have to apply to everyone."

While her supporters are crying foul, and charge that Sandra was deposed in a machiavellian plot, Krista assures me "anyone that could read could have seen that," as the new bylaws were distributed among the **50** attendees, well before the vote took place.

In the ensuing power vacuum, **Canadian Gold Seafood** bigwig **Cheryl Newcombe** captured the LWF throne, although before victory was hers, treasurer Cheryl announced she was resigning from the executive. Of course, that was before she was nominated from the floor (by one **Lindsey Hope**, I believe) as LWF philosopher-king, er, prez. Being the dutiful citizen that she is, Cheryl — whom the **Dexterovich Regime** installed on to the **Trade Centre** board and who sits on the **Stanfield Underwear Airport** board — assumed the presidential mantle.

Many Sandra supporters are upset over the loss of their gal, saying she introduced new LWF accountability standards, and are fear-



The Fall River coup (not exactly as illustrated).

ful that Cheryl, who also chairs the **Windsor Junction Community Centre** board whose programs the LWF oversees, won't meet the same gold standard.

Both newsletters quote councillor, former **Queen's Cowboy**, **Barry Dalrymple** saying he consulted with HRM's legal department to ensure the LWF bylaw switcheroo was kosher.

To my mind, the funniest moment in the pow-wow involved my good friend, one-term **Tory** MLA, **Gary "Jokerman" Hines**. Ol' Hinesy couldn't even drum up the support to be elected a LWF member-at-large. Poor Hinesy. Better luck next time!

Does Frank Know?  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca

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# ANOTHER COP CLASH FOR MINNIE ROSS

By **BILLY CLUBB**

**JUSTICE MINISTER ROSS LANDRY** SAYS HE'S "SHOCKED" BY ALLEGATIONS BROUGHT FORWARD BY **NEW GLASGOW POLICE CHIEF DELANEY CHISHOLM** THAT THE **PICTOU CENTRE MLA** IS ACTIVELY CAMPAIGNING TO BRING IN THE **QUEEN'S COWBOYS** TO REPLACE MUNICIPAL POLICE FORCES ACROSS THE PROVINCE.

"On a daily basis Landry has been speaking to elected officials seeking support to replace municipal police in **Pictou County** and elsewhere with the **RCMP**," writes Delaney in an e-mail, dated **December 12**, apparently meant for members of the **N.S. Association of Police Chiefs**.

"I have had numerous calls on this personal agenda from the business community," he continues, adding, "All small police services will be gone in **2012**" if the Justice minister has his way.

For his part, Ross says he doesn't know what to make of the accusations.

"I'm not understanding the purpose or the value (of the comments)," he says, adding, "To me it's a bit strange that he speaks in those terms."

"At no time have I said, choose one or the other... I support both models of policing."

Ross says it's his job as Justice minister to discuss policing with municipal politicians and others. If, for example, municipalities want to



**Delaney Chisholm**

analyze their policing service, to make sure their current system is both cost-efficient and effective, it's the **Justice Department's** job to assist them. But, he says, once all the information has been gathered and the alternatives have been analyzed, the municipality makes the final decision.

"Municipal policing is the responsibility of the municipality," he says.

Reached at his home in **Granton**, Chief Delaney tells me that he's unsure of which email I'm referring to, and remained unsure even after I read him the first four paragraphs over the telephone.

"I write a lot of emails," he says.

I sent him a copy of the email in the hopes that it would jog his memory, but he never wrote back.

In any event, he's not prepared to comment



**Ross Landry**

on his opinions about Ross's alleged hidden agenda "under the circumstances," explaining that there are "lots of issues" with Ross at the moment, including the upcoming **N.S. Police Review Board** tribunal into the firing of **Stellarton Police Chief Amby Heighton**.

The veteran police chief was dismissed in the fall of **2008** under what we media types like to call a "cloud of controversy," as a result of complaints lodged by several **Queen's Cowboys**, including Ross, who was the top Mountie in Pictou County before his retirement in **2008 (Franks ad nauseam)**. The complaints came on the heels of a letter Amby submitted to then-Justice minnie **Cecil Clarke**, which apparently contained scathing allegations about a handful of local Mounties.

In an interesting twist to the ongoing saga, Delaney is confirming that he's under subpoena by the **Town of Stellarton** to testify at the hearing, which will now apparently be held in **May**.

While Delaney isn't saying anything further, I understand that his testimony may not be flattering for the **RCMP**.

Ross, who will also be called upon to testify, says it would be "inappropriate" for him to discuss the upcoming proceeding, although he believes in staying respectful and "not being critical of each other... I'm not sure that's what was done in this case."

*Does Frank Know?*  
*atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*

## GLAM GAL TRACEY CLIMBS ANOTHER RUNG

By **AMADA RINNS**

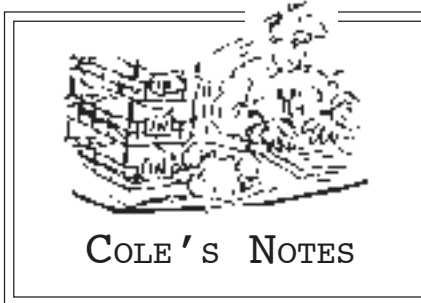
**FRANKLAND** CONGRATS TO SILLY SERVANT **TRACEY TAWEEL**, WHO I ONCE SUGGESTED WAS IN DANGER OF BEING SERIOUSLY OVER-APPRECIATED BY TAXPAYERS, WHO WERE PAYING HER AN OUTRAGEOUS **\$96,259-PER (FRANK 570)**. NOW, OF COURSE, TRACEY IS IN LINE FOR A BIG FAT RAISE.

Charm-free Trace was the big winner in **Darrell Dexter's** ho-hum, "it's a New Year, time for a new wardrobe" deputy minister shuffle, after she was plucked from the dross of the managerial masses, and elevated into the superstar ranks of a deputy ministership.

In what is surely an open audition for a new title, Tracey was appointed acting assistant deputy minnie of **Communications Propaganda Nova Scotia**, temporarily replacing czarina **Laura Lee Langley**, who now serves as acting DM for **Tourism, Culture & Heritage**.

Again, it's a safe bet Dexter is easing the **\$148,677-per** Laura Lee into her new role, much as he did with **Kevin McNamara** in **Health** a few months back. Laura Lee's media background would seem to make her a good fit in the marketing-driven Tourism Dept., although her former reign coincided with a bloating of the CNS rank and file, making me a tad apprehensive what tricks Laura Lee may have up her sleeve for selling **Nova Scotia** to the world.

The equally talented and fragrant **KelliAnn Dean** (**\$170,240-per**) also raises her sphere of influence, by leaving Tourism to head the **Public Service Commission**. The fact she is continuing to work under minister **Frankie Corbett**, who holds both portfolios, should be



**Tracey Taweel**

seen as a vote of confidence in KelliAnn from the Dexter government, for assuming more responsibilities.

KelliAnn bumps the rather undistinguished **\$171,457-per** **Rosalind Penfound** into **Education**, to take over from retiring **Tory**-headmaster **Dennis Cochrane**, a name I often heard grace the top of any Dexter hit-list.

Another obvious target, **Bob Fowler**, also put himself out to pasture, although dinosaur Bob was one of the last great deputy minnies to lead the silly service. Bob's replacement as clerk of the **Executive Council**, **Greg Keefe**, now assumes that mantle. (*Yawn — ed.*) Last year drawing **\$171,953**, now the Gregster is in line for a Tracey Taweel-sized top-up.

*Does Frank Know?*  
*atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*

# Mo' MONEY NEWS

By MEG A. BUCKS

A VETERAN MEMBER OF THE LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT AT **ST. F.X. UNIVERSITY** SAYS MANY SEASONED FACULTY ARE "HORRIFIED" AT THE POSSIBILITY OF GOING ON STRIKE IN THE CURRENT ECONOMIC CLIMATE.

On **January 15**, a government conciliator was presiding over the second day of talks between the university and the union representing its academic staff, in an attempt to hammer out an agreement to avoid that very real possibility.

The **St. F.X. Association of University Teachers**, which represents faculty, librarians, lab instructors and clinical nursing associates, voted **82 per cent** in favour of a work stoppage on **December 10** after it rejected an offer that would have handed full-time faculty raises of **three per cent** per year until **2013**. At this point, the earliest a strike can occur is the first week of **February**.

To be sure, during a time when many in rural **Nova Scotia** are struggling to keep a roof over their heads and food on the table, it might be awkward to see a group of corduroy-jacketed academics marching around in the cold and complaining that their **\$100,000/year** salaries just won't cut it.

If it comes to that, my source promises to be toting a sign reading **Faculty Are A\*\*holes in French**.

The five-year-old association's first collective agreement, which expired last **June**, saw faculty salaries range from a lowly **\$47,896** for a newly minted lecturer, up to **\$126,307** for a full professor at the top of the pay scale. The latest offer would see the top end of the scale rise to **\$135,000**.

"I feel like I'm extremely well paid for what I do," says my source, considering the relaxed atmosphere that is prevalent on campus.

"There's no accounting for absences, nobody's ever questioned, sabbaticals are pretty much automatic."

Also, my source adds, "(Faculty) could be held up for much higher performance standards."

According to a **Facebook** site run by association vice-president and assistant psychology professor **Dr. Jennifer Sullivan**, the main issues are a "lack of movement towards (salary) parity" with **Acadia, Mount St. Vincent, UPEI** and **Mt. Allison**, along with "demands for concessions" from the administration including ones which would make obtaining promotions more difficult and threaten job security.

While I would have been quite interested in discussing these matters with Jenny, she re-

Sorry, I'm just the Facebook spokeshingy.



Jenny Sullivan



THE GROVES  
OF ACADEME



ferred me via email to association president **David Lynes**, because she isn't the group's "official spokesperson."

Why then, I asked, was she presiding over a question-and-answer session with all

comers online?

"He doesn't subscribe to Facebook," came her answer.

Er, so only a boardie with a **Frank Magazine** subscription can field my enquiries? Guess I'm shit outta luck.

Associate sociology professor Dave failed to return my phone message before Frankland Press Time.

Does Frank Know?  
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# THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING Missus

By A. FRANK GRUNT

IMAGINE MY SHEER DELIRIUM EACH TIME I OPEN THE NEWSPAPER, TURN ON THE TELEVISION, OR CHECK THE INTERNET AND SEE **PRIME MINISTER STEPHEN HARPER, 50**, EVER SO JOYFULLY SHAKING, ER, UM, I MEAN HOLDING HANDS WITH HIS STUNNING, CHARMING, VIVACIOUS, AND ABSOLUTELY PERSONALITY-FILLED WIFE **LAUREEN HARPER, 46**.

They make such a wonderful looking couple. Truly. Madly. Deeply.

Hopefully, this year they will have an even more prosperous year than **2009**, when, for a spell, I understand Laureen Harper did not reside full-time at the PM's official residence at **24 Sussex Drive**.

It is the story that dare not speak its name: the brief 2009 estrangement of our policy wonk, personality dead zone prime minister from his stunning, charming, vivacious, and absolutely personality filled wife.

Observers first noticed something was up when there were changes being made to the regular routine, like who was dropping the Harper children off for school last spring.

If you want the story, follow the children. It ain't rocket science.

I'm told by **Ottawa** sources that Laureen Harper, a dynamic and successful graphic designer, as outgoing as her husband is introverted, spent much of the summer up at **Harrington Lake**.

Another source sez she moved into a suite at the **Ottawa Westin**, and spent some time at **700 Sussex**, a swanky Ottawa condo which used to house the one and only, political marvel **Belinda Stronach**. Formerly of **Stronach & MacKay Inc.**

But answers to the confusion are not (*surprise, surprise*) forthcoming from **Prime Minister Stephen Harper's Office**.

In the hope of clearing up the confusion, I emailed the PMO, in the English language, as best I know it, 10 very specific, detailed questions. My email took 40 friggin' lines, and I personalized it for gawdsake. They sent me back a cheap, measly three-line form letter. And nobody even signed the goddamn thing!



Prime Minister Stephen Harper & wife Laureen.

I mean, like what's up with that?

It's like you buy the girl a fookin' **Lamborghini** for Xmas, like, and, she gives you back a fookin' pair of pit-socks, and a **\$2** scratch ticket in the Xmas card she bought at the **Dollar Store**, and she doesn't even bother to sign the tawdry thing!

You know, sometimes, I just don't feel fully appreciated. (*I know how you feel — ed.*)

Oh, but the PMO did say, "*Our office always*

*welcomes hearing from correspondents and being made aware of their views.*"

And they said that in both official languages.

Oh, really? If it was all so welcoming than why couldn't you answer some simple, straight forward questions?

And, to think, we pay these knuckleheads small fortunes for their so-called "*public service*"!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11





The (Lisa & Vrege) Armoyan Marlborough Woods house.



Vrege Armoyan

## NEXT SALVOS FIRED IN MILLIONAIRE DIVORCE DRAMA

BY AL I. MOANY

IN HER **FLORIDA**-FILED DIVORCE PETITION, **LISA ARMOYAN** CALLS HER MARRIAGE TO **ARMCO CAPITAL** CZAR **VREGE ARMOYAN** "IRRETRIEVABLY BROKEN," AND WANTS THE **NOVA SCOTIA** COURT TO CEDE JURISDICTION TO HER **SUNSHINE STATE** LEGAL ACTIONS.

The couple's **January 26** court date on **Lower Water Street** in **Halifax**, over allegations made by Vrege that Lisa swiped from his laptop confidential Armco info, which he alleges she threatened to disclose to biz competitors, is rescheduled for an undetermined date in **February**. (*Valentine's Day, perhaps? — ed.*)

Repercussions from the divorce are being felt in the **GAF, Greater Armoyan Family**, affecting the daily operations of their gazillion dollar biz empire. In a shocking development on **January 13**, Vrege's big brother, **Bay Street** wheeler-dealer **George Armoyan**, stepped down from overseeing **Clarke Inc.**, the family's investment arm, "to attend to personal family matters," which he candidly acknowledges in media interviews are related to Vrege's divorce (see story at right).

Since Lisa served Vrege his walking papers on **October 22** at their **\$12,000**-monthly rented abode in **Boca Raton, Fl.**, high-powered legal teams from both parties are busier than Santa's elves on Christmas Eve (**Frank 575, 576**). Besides the Lisa-initiated Florida divorce, and the Armco attempts to secure court protection for the contents of Vrege's laptop, a third action (filed by Lisa in **N.S. Supreme Court**) disputes the ownership of the couple's **\$2.81-million** assessed **Marlborough Woods** abode, the former matrimonial abode now solely in Vrege's name.

Navigating through this legal quagmire is a

job for the pros, but for now the high-stakes divorce is in its preliminary stages, where opening arguments are put to paper, and we can see the couple begin to show their hands.

In her recently filed affidavit in N.S. Supreme Court, penned by **McGinty McCleave** counsel and former Marlborough Woods neighbour **Mary Jane McGinty**, Lisa advances her arguments as to why she believes Florida court is the proper jurisdiction.

Not the least of which is her contention that a divorce held near her home in **Boca Raton** "would give (Vrege) an opportunity to reconnect with his (two) daughters and, hopefully,

demonstrate to them that he is not gone from their lives permanently."

According to Lisa, in December Vrege allegedly left Boca Raton "without warning ... without even telling our daughters that he was leaving."

Claiming it would be emotionally "detrimental" to leave her daughters behind in Boca Raton, where they attend school, while she fulfils her Halifax courtroom obligations, Lisa alleges, "Their father left Florida without even a goodbye to either of them."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



George Armoyan

## BECAUSE FAMILY MATTERS

CITING "FAMILY ISSUES," **GEORGE ARMOYAN** STEPPED AWAY FROM HIS **CLARKE INC.** BOARDROOM, TELLING MEDIA HE "HAD TOO MUCH ON HIS PLATE."

Acknowledging his brother **Vrege Armoyan's** messy divorce, George also said he wanted to take care of their ailing elderly parents, who have apparently reacted badly to Vrege's marital meltdown.

Turns out, the Armoyan family's plate may be even more full, as revelations are unfolding that Vrege perhaps lost several million dollars in a major **Florida**-based **Ponzi** scheme (see story on next page).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FEBRUARY 2, 2010 ATLANTIC CANADA FRANK 9

# VREGE & 'MIAMI'S MADOFF'

ACCORDING TO A **FLORIDA PRESS REPORT**, **ARMCO CAPITAL EXEC VREGE ARMOYAN** INVESTED **\$3.62 MILLION US** IN A **PONZI SCHEME** BELIEVED TO HAVE COST INVESTORS **\$1.2 BILLION**.

This bombshell was revealed in a **January 4 South Florida Business Journal** article, one week before **George Armoynan** announced his leave of absence from **Bay Street** for "family issues" related to his brother Vrege's increasingly bitter divorce from **Lisa Armoynan**.

The South Florida biz journal cites **U.S. Bankruptcy Court** filings, listing Vrege among the top **30** investors of disgraced **Fort Lauderdale** lawyer **Scott Rothstein**, dubbed "**Miami's Madoff**," after the fugitive surrendered himself to federal authorities on **December 1** on five felony counts.

According to various **U.S.** media outlets, Rothstein had fled to **Casablanca** on a charter jet after wiring **\$16 million** to **Morocco** from his firm's corporate accounts.

Facing a maximum penalty of **100 years** behind bars, Rothstein, **47**, originally pleaded not guilty to federal wire fraud and racketeering charges.

Now the **Wall Street Journal**, and other media, are reporting Rothstein intends to change his plea to guilty in his next court appearance, and speculation is rife that his sen-

tence could be lowered to **30 years**.

Rothstein was allegedly selling investors bogus settlements that he claimed his law firm negotiated in confidential civil cases, all the while his lavish lifestyle allowed him to hobnob with such **Republican** heavyweights as **John McCain**, **Rudy Giuliani** and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**.

Rothstein's multi-million dollar stable of properties and luxury cars, plus the millions in charitable donations, prompted **New York Times** scribe **Bob Norman** in **October 2008** to pose the question: "Who is this guy? Is he for real, or is he building a house of cards?"

Among Rothstein's alleged victims are several Floridian movers and shakers, including billionaire **Miami Dolphins** owner **Stephen Ross**.

I was unable to contact Vrege, who oversees Armco's **U.S.** division, buying foreclosed upon Florida condos in partnership with **Jim Spatz's** biz, **Southwest Properties**.

It is not known if Vrege ever saw a return on the reported investment, nor if he is among the group of allegedly defrauded investors who are suing Rothstein. Attorney **Bill Schrer** is overseeing the civil litigation against Rothstein. Bill was **George Bush's** top legal point man during the **2000 Florida** recount that made the "hanging chad" so infamous.

## FAMILY MATTERS, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Even with George's departure — expected to last a couple of months, at least — Clarke Inc. remains in good hands, under the able watch of prez and ceo **Rob Normandeau**, the firm's longtime legal counsel who specialises in the corporate mergers and takeovers that have made George & Co. their fortune.

Besides George (who Rob replaces on the board), Clarke directors include: **Hugh Smith**, veep of **Municipal Group**, the holding firm that includes **Carl (Harry) Potter's Dexter Construction** empire; fishtocrat turned TV cable baron **John Risley**, of **Clearwater** fame; former **Tory** deputy premier, **Rollie Thornhill**; and **Rex Anthony**, the **St. John's**-based prez of **Anthony Capital Corporation**, a former

boardie at the bustling PR-empire **Bristol Group**.

When you add up all the wealth of the Clarke directors, I'd sure you'd get a new **Billionaire's Boys Club!**

Directors earned between **\$28,000-\$39,000**-per in **2008**, except George, who as Clarke's Executive Chairman drew a jaw-dropping **\$539,854**.

**Mike Andlauer** resigned from the Clarke board the same day as George, to avoid potential conflict after his **Andlauer Transportation Services Ltd. Partnership** sold part of its retail division to **Montreal-based Transforce Inc.**, whose board of directors include former **Quebec** premier and necrotizing fascitis survivor **Lucien Bouchard**.

## MILLIONAIRE DIVORCE, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

When she set the divorce in motion, Lisa alleges, Vrege "immediately began to make efforts to extricate himself from our life in Boca Raton, including contacting our landlord to advise her we would not be renewing our lease. I never agreed to this, and it was my belief that we (or at least the children and I) would remain in that home until we found one we wanted to buy."

The couple have two daughters, aged **13** and **11**, and a son, **14**, who attends a private school in **Upper Canada**.

Lisa and her daughters now reside in a **\$8,000** rented abode in Boca Raton, which they moved into two days before Christmas, court papers indicate.

In December, Vrege went out and bought a **four-bedroom, \$1.6-million** yacht, registered in the **Marshall Islands**, which he now moors in **Miami**, says Lisa.

She cites the yacht as another reason why litigation should proceed in Florida over Nova Scotia, suggesting that Vrege "and his guests" (who she does not name) could always use his floating "luxurious accommodations" as a crashpad, if necessary. But if legal proceedings in Halifax drag on, Lisa claims she would be forced to live out of a hotel, as Vrege and George's ailing parents now occupy the former matrimonial home in Marlborough Woods.

Court papers say Lisa, Vrege, and the kids left their **South End** pile in **June 2007** for **Toronto**, where the young lovebirds met and married **16 years** ago. After a year in T.O., where they survived a rough patch Vrege detailed in an earlier affidavit, the family relocated to Boca Raton, living with Vrege's mother in her condo as they house hunted.

Lisa allegedly has transferred her daughters' medical files to Florida, and discontinued the family's **MSI** coverage in Nova Scotia and **Ontario**, and, to further prove her permanent residence status in the Sunshine State, alleges the Armoynans cancelled their **Royal N.S. Yacht Squadron** membership and told the **Halifax Grammar School** not to reserve any desks in that fine institution for their kids.

Last year, **Saint Mary's U.** grad Lisa attended **Florida Atlantic University**, a **Dalhousie**-sized uni which awarded its first honorary degree in 1964 to President **Lyndon Johnson**.

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## MISSING MISSUS, FROM PAGE 8

Man, we'd be better off living in **Beijing** and taking our chances standing up in front of a tank, dontcha think?

Anyway. It's a moot point now. **Jughead & Betty** are quite noticeably back holding hands.

Like former **Nova Scotia** premier/gym teacher **Rodney MacDonald** magically re-emerging with wife **Lori-Ann** at the **East Coast Music Awards** a few years ago, Stephen Harper's "performance" at the **National Arts Centre** last **October** was seen as the signal that things are all right. The homefires burn brightly.

In case you've forgotten that surprise performance — and it was worthy — it was the one where the normally repressed Mr. Harper turned into the fun-loving talented Mr. Harper as he played and sang at the **NAC** grand piano "I'll Get By With A Little Help From My Friends." He was widely applauded, and greeted with uncommon praise. Rightly so.

But it wasn't fun-loving enough to have Mr. Harper stick around after his solid performance at the annual black tie charity gala. He left the building minutes after he left the stage.

Wife Laureen is the honorary gala chair, and she is widely seen as orchestrating her husband's surprise appearance at the annual gala.

It's the same gala the PM publicly criticized in **2008** by saying rich black-tie galas don't sit well with the common folk. Maybe so, in some quarters. But the NAC gala does help raise money for the arts, which he and his **Reformers** have slashed.

AND he said this just a week before the **2008** gala, knowing full well Laureen was the honorary gala chair, then, as she is now.

The criticism was widely seen as a shot across his wife's bow, and in the end she declined to attend herself.

But back to 2009.

Is it truly unusual for any couple to take a little space? I think not.

But this Stephen-Laureen business somehow seemed a bit off.

Everyone was talking about it, yet nobody seemed to want to raise the issue publicly.

Both the federal **Liberal Caucus** and the **NDP Caucus** knew about the couple's time apart. But they were warned not to bring it up on the floor of the **House of Commons**.

This, of course, was back in the day when we had a House of Commons and such unnecessary things as **Question Period** and the like. Thank gawd those small irritants are now behind us.

Harper may as well burn the fookin' place down. It's of no value to us anymore.

Anyway, suddenly the opposition parties, even the whiny bastard **Blockheads**, who we foolish Canadians pay to break up this country, are all playing nice, and singing from the same song sheet, not willing to bring up any potential wrinkles in the Harper marriage?

## LAUREEN HARPER

### FUN-FACTS

- Is credited with bankrolling the **Reform Party** in its early, lean years.
- Her parents are **Albertan** ranchers (her father was also an electrician) whose nearly **three-decade** marriage ended in divorce in the early 1990s.
- Her previous marriage at **22**, to a **New Zealand** guy she met in **Africa**, was over before she was **26**. At **30**, she married her extreme right-wing political soulmate, **Stephen Harper**, whose former fiancée had introduced them.
- In **Conservative** party circles, she is nicknamed "Secret Weapon."
- She frequents **Ottawa** society, often with confirmed bachelor, cabinet minister **John Baird**.
- Is a biker chick.

Like, overnight the nasty, mean-spirited, **American**-style form of politics that has been practised and shamefully tolerated in this country the last 20 years has turned to sweetness and light?

When did that happen? And why didn't I get that memo? Give me a break. There's something just not right about this one.

Yes, and over at **D'Arcy McGee's Pub** on **Sparks Street** tongues were wagging, and still are.

Just as they were wagging amongst members of so-called **National Press Corps**.

All fine, objective, men and women, to be sure, not necessarily friends of the way Stephen Harper and his gang of **Conservatives**, er, um, **Reform Party** thugs handle their media relations. Which is to have no relations at all.

Courageous men and women, proud graduates of schools of journalism throughout the land, but nary a **Mike Wallace** or a **Helen Thomas** among them.

Goddammit, do I have to go dig up **Gordon Sinclair**, or **Jack Webster**, or **Barbara Frum**?

Just what the hell is going on here? Why the silence on this one?

Do the Reform Party thugs have the shit so goddamn scared out of reporters in this country they can't ask a simple, non-stick, innocuous question like, "Excuse me, Mr. Personality Dead Zone Prime Minister, where the hell is your stunning, charming, vivacious, personality-filled wife living these days?"

C'mon folks, we're just askin' a simple question.

Is there some kind of law in this country about asking the Canadian prime minister where his wife might be living at any given point in time?

And when did that law come into effect?

Before or after **Pierre & Maggie Trudeau**?

Or is it a new emergency decree just enacted, say, last **April**, by some one-eyed stormtrooping **Conservative** Reform Party servile sycophant sorcerer whose only job is to strangle the free flow of information in this country and shelter Prime Minister Harper from answering a simple question.

And where the hell is **CBC-TV's Julie Van Dusen** on this one? That one normally has a pulse. Where the hell is Julie? Who stole Julie? What happened to Julie?

And, what's wrong with the editors and assignment editors across this country? Are they stuck in some godforsaken culture of defeat? What ever happened to smoke-fire, action-reaction?

Are they scared of this gang of Conservative, er, um, Reform thugs, too? Well, guess what folks, yer not goin' beat these Conservative, er, um, Reform bastard bullies by runnin' away from them.

I don't know what's going to become of this country.

I only know that if you don't stand up to the Steve Harpers and the **Peter MacKays** of the world, they'll just continue to walk right straight over you.

Look what Peter MacKay was allowed to do to civil servant **Richard Colvin**.

But allowing Stephen Harper and Peter MacKay to tie the mittens for our national press corp would be an equal disgrace.

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# TOE-DIPPING IN SYDNEY HARBOUR BRINGS COLD FEET?

By Ty Thenot

FROM THE **FRANKLAND** CONJUGAL RELATIONS FILES, COMES WORD THAT THE **CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE** IS NOT YET PREPARED TO GO ALL THE WAY WITH THE **PORT OF SYDNEY**.

It seems the much-touted sisterport agreement between ugly duckling **Sydport** and the more macho-sounding **Philadelphia Regional Port Authority (PRPA)**, is not yet summated.

That means those breathless **January 8** reports from the chattering folks at **CBC**, the **Chronically Horrid** and the **Cape Breton Post**, were a tad premature.

Sheesh, after news of the Sydney press conference with blushing bride **Sydney Marine Group** honcho **Jim Wooder** and **Jim Paylor**, a burly rep from Philly's **ILA** longshoremen's association, where the couple announced they were, um, going steady, I began hearing wedding bells and was about to rush off to the **Canadian Tire** gift registry and buy the Jims



Sydney, feeling jilted by Philly (not exactly as illustrated).

a brand new toaster, when the PRPA suddenly raised its objections.

In a **January 11** press release from PRPA chair **John Estey**, the two Jims were lightly chastised for suggesting that the Philly's port authority was included in a signed memorandum of understanding with the local **ILA**, the **Ports of Delaware River Marine Trade Association** and **Sydport**.

"The PRPA must conduct our legal due diligence," declares John, adding, "This matter is subject to approval by our board of directors."

In fairness to **Laurentian Energy** ceo Jim, Sydney has a **RPRA** letter of intent, and Jim concedes that the info they gave the press, while correct, was "perhaps unhappily worded."

Acknowledging that he's "a little frazzled" by the whirlwind courtship, Jim points out that



Estey does re-affirm the PRPA's support in **Sydport** in his **January 11** release. He's just not as itchin' to cross the threshold as Jim is.

Frankly, I'm not convinced this union is ever going to work out. After all, **Philly** and **New York** make much more sense than **Philly** and **Sydney**. And **Sydney's** rail lines are getting a bit long in the tooth for a serious **Significant Other**, don't you think?

*Does Frank Know?  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*

# REPORTS OF SONNY'S DEATH GREATLY EXAGGERATED!

By A. Frank Grunt

STUPID, SILLY ME, IN MY HASTE TO GET HOME TO **GLACE BAY** FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, I MADE A VERY SLOPPY AND STUPID ERROR.

Adding some context to the **June Hibbs** murder, **March 1976 (Frank 576)**, in **Glance Bay**, and the fact that the body of **June Hibbs** has never been found, I brought up the

**MacDonald** family, formerly of **88 Highland Street**, **Glance Bay**.

The family were raised at **88 Highland**. The house was eventually bought by **John Hibbs**, the **Glance Bay** police officer husband of **June Hibbs**, and suddenly thereafter it burnt to the ground.

Mistakenly I wrote that the entire immediate family had passed on since **1976**. Bad, bad phraseology on my part. Inexcusable, really.

**Sonny**, or **Archie MacDonald Jr.**, is alive and well. I knew that then. I certainly know it better now. Sometimes words don't come out as you want them too. Put it down to haste, inattentiveness, incompetence.

**Sonny MacDonald** is the oldest of the five boys of the late "**Red**" **Archie** and **Stella MacDonald**. My reports of **Sonny's** death were greatly exaggerated.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Jeff Buchanan with Jill Guthro.

## COP'S CAR, NOT HIS COP-CAR, IN WEED CASE

IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING, **HALIFAX POLICE** SPOKESTHINGY **CONST. BRIAN PALMETER** INFORMS ME THAT THE MARY-JANE POSSESSION CHARGE LAID LAST WEEK AGAINST **29-YEAR-OLD COP CONST. JEFF BUCHANAN** RESULTED FROM THE SEARCH OF THE **GLACE BAY HIGH ALUM'S** PERSONAL VEHICLE, NOT A COP CAR.

Jeff, who I'm told grew up in **Sydney's** toffee-nosed **Tanglewood** subdivision, was arrested in **December** on charges of extortion and breaching the public trust, and is currently on paid suspension.

The **Nadia Drive, Dartmouth** address listed on Jeff's court papers is owned by **James Taylor's Bluewater Road, Bedford-based Cygnet Properties**. The assessment is a paltry **\$20,000**. (WTF? — ed.)

## HOUSE HUNT REPORT

I HEAR **JAY WELLS SALON** STYLIST **SHAWN ROBAR** MAY BE LOOKING TO BUY ONE OF **DAVID GRAHAM'S SWISH THEATRE LOFT CONDOS** ON **GOTTINGEN STREET**.

David, husband of ex-Live at 5 superstar **Nancy Regan**, broke ground on the complex last month.

Shawn, whose dad **Gary Robar** was one of four **Lunenburg County** motorcyclists killed in a tragic motor-vehicle accident in **2007**, currently holds the deed to one of those trendy **Spice** condos I profiled in **Frank 567**. Shawn's Jay Wells co-worker **Jason Gilbert**, who I espied baring his toned arms at **Reflections** before Christmas, also calls the chic **Cornwallis Street** complex home.

Jay, the hottie hairstylist with the trademark bee-stung lips, lives around the corner on **Brunswick Street**.

## PAULA GALLANT

Murdered: December 27, 2005

AS OF  
January 16,  
2010...

1 4 8 1

DAYS

WITHOUT AN  
ARREST



### SONNY, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

When I wrote what I wrote, I was thinking more of the younger MacDonald boys, the ones I hung around with for a spell as a youngster. Sonny had long left the nest at that point.

Over time, besides his construction worker father Archie, who died of a heart attack while working in **Wreck Cove**, and his ma, Sonny lost his four brothers: **Roy (Buddy)**, **John**, **Angus** and **Ernie**.

Angus and Ernie were more my vintage.

Angus (**Frank 285**) died on **October 25, 1998**, from cancer. He was a class act, had a wonderful voice, and was a past president of the celebrated singing group **Men of the Deeps**. He left behind a loving wife and three small children. He was **43** years old.

Brother Ernie didn't even get a chance to raise a family. He died as the result of a house fire on **Minto Street**, Glace Bay, **August 2, 1980**. He was **21** years old.

When Ernie, or "**Clam**" as we nicknamed him, wasn't humming **Babe**, or **Lorelei**, or **Come Sail Away** by his favourite rock band **Styx**, he could scrap with the best Glace Bay had to offer, and usually came out on the winning side.

When he wasn't doing that, he was in love with the talented and fragrant, and slightly younger, **Pasty Caines**, of nearby **Smith Street**, who long ago moved with the rest of her family to **Grand Cache, Alberta**, and who, on **October 29**, lost her baby brother, **John Caines**, at age **44**.

So, folks, live life like there's no tomorrow, 'cause sometimes there just ain't no tomorrow. And if ya ever find yourself doin' any kind of writin' for a certain bi-weekly family magazine, try to do it with greater clarity than some people I know.

Thanks.

Does Frank Know? [atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca](mailto:atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca)

FEBRUARY 2, 2010 ATLANTIC CANADA FRANK 13

# HELEN HILL WILL LIVE ON WITH OTHER FILM ICONS

By ANNE I. MATE

A TIP OF THE **FRANKLAND** BERET TO **LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, JAMES BILLINGTON**, FOR IMMORTALIZING LATE ANIMATOR **HELEN HILL**'S WORK.

A decade ago, Helen briefly lived in **Halifax** with her GP husband, **Dalhousie** med school alumnus **Paul Gailunas**, before the pair returned to their old **New Orleans** stomping grounds to settle down and raise a family.

A victim of post-**Katrina** lawlessness, Helen's life ended on **Jan. 4, 2007**, at about **5:30** in the morning, when an intruder shot and killed the **South Carolina** filmmaker in her living room (**Frank 499**).

Despite the local outcry and a groundswell of international media coverage, from **America's Most Wanted** to a **Fifth Estate** documentary, her murder remains unsolved.

Shot **three** times in the attack, Paul has since remarried and resides with his and Helen's son, **Francis Pop**, in **Pasadena**, a short commute from the **CalArts** campus where Helen created **Scratch & Crow**, her **1995** short film that LOC chief cultural care-

taker James has selected as a national treasure to preserve for future generations.

**Scratch & Crow**, which Helen wrote, "reveals the secret life cycle of chickens, from their hatching by mother cats to their noisy ascent into Heaven," is described by the **Library of Congress** as "filled with vivid colour and a light sense of humour ... a poetic and spiritual homage to animals and the human soul."

Using deceptively simple techniques and beautiful, hand-drawn images of chickens, eggs, watermelons and teapots, as well as a black cat and a fat tombstone thrown in for good measure, Helen crafted a complex tale in her four-and-a-half minute film. Her animated beaks, wings and halos are the stuff of visual poetry.

A prolific filmmaker and staunch community activist, Helen once wrote, "It is a good idea behind a film, and not fancy technology or a big budget, that makes a great film."

Each year **25** works are added to the LOC's National Film Registry, a prodigious collection that now holds **525** films.

Other new LOC film registry entries include **Michael Jackson's Thriller** video; **Al**



Helen Hill

**Pacino's Dog Day Afternoon** madcap heist; the delightful **Doris Day-Rock Hudson** comedy **Pillow Talk**; **Jezebel**, the three-hankie tearjerker set during a yellow fever outbreak in Nawlins, starring **Bette Davis** and **Henry Fonda**; and the original **Muppet Movie** — you remember, when **Kermit** strums his banjos and croons the **Rainbow Connection**.

*Does Frank Know?*  
[atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca](mailto:atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca)

# LEAN CUSINE AT TWELVEFORTYONE

By KIT CHEN

AT PRESSTIME, I WAS UNABLE TO DETERMINE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR **TWELVEFORTYONE** — THE UPSCALE **BARRINGTON STREET** EATERY FORMERLY KNOWN AS **BEAR RESTAURANT** — WHICH HAS REMAINED IN DARKNESS, CURTAINS DRAWN, SINCE BEFORE **CHRISTMAS**.

Although the financially troubled resto's voicemail greeting says it closed for remodelling on **December 19**, a peek through the window reveals no evidence of renovations. With candleholders, cutlery and tablecloths in place, the posh interior still looks ready to receive customers.

As I've previously mentioned in these pages, **\$700,000** worth of lien claims were filed against the restaurant, its landlord, **Maxwell Properties**, and the **Lawen**-owned **W** building just a few months after the business opened in the fall of **2008 (Frank 555)**. The following **September**, **Halifamous** chef **Ray Bear**, formerly of **Gio**, abandoned the eatery, and would days later claim that restaurant owner/**California** native **David Tabah** had threatened his life. David, who along with his wife **Amanda** resides part-time in **Musquodoboit**, renamed the restaurant and installed **Newfie** prodigy **Andrew Hull**, who ran the open kitchen up until the closing.

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FOOD  
FOR  
THOUGHT



# NAUGHTY PEGGY CAUGHT SCHMOOZING WITH SCAMMERS

By SEYMOUR CONZE

IT WOULD SEEM THAT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD SCAM ARTIST DOWN.

**Peggy Draper** has been returned to a halfway house after she was caught scheming with international fraudsters, activities that bear more than a passing resemblance to the crimes that landed her in jail to begin with.

As I reported previously, the 60-year-old former **Halifax Regional School Board** representative served six months of a two-year federal sentence handed down last **February** for defrauding friends, associates and businesses out of more than **\$470,000**. After three months in a halfway house, she began full parole on **October 29 (Frank 566)**. But in a decision dated **December 31**, the **National Parole Board** opted to return her to a halfway house for three additional months because, given the circumstances, she is deemed a high risk to re-offend.

"It is obvious that you have become involved in activities that are strikingly similar to the circumstances which led to your current offences," writes the two-member panel.

"You have been communicating with international contacts that appear to be operating a fraudulent scheme related to land invest-

ments... (and) in spite of several interventions from your case management team, you have persisted with your involvement in this scam."

Not helping her cause is the fact that she lied about her activities when she was approached about them.

"Of particular concern is your deceitfulness and dishonesty. This is concerning as you were dishonest and deceitful with investors during your index offences. It is obvious that you are back into your offence cycle," says the decision.

Just a few short months ago, you'll recall that a much more forgiving parole board disagreed with a recommendation from **Corrections Canada** that Peggy spend extra time in a halfway house. At the time, the board deemed her offences to have been "highly situational and not reflective of (her) previous prominent role in the community." So much for that.

While Peggy will be back on the streets full-time by **April**, the NPB has saddled her with two more conditions which will apply for the remainder of her sentence, which expires on **February 19, 2011**. The former real estate agent will be prohibited from communicating with anyone in regards to the sale of real estate or for any investment purposes.



**Peggy Draper**

"Given your current offences, it is obvious that you cannot differentiate between legitimate investments and fraudulent scams. As a result, you recruit investors through lies and deception which results in the loss of significant monies for these victims."

She must also provide full financial disclosure as requested, given her "propensity to be deceitful and dishonest" with her parole officer.

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[atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca](mailto:atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca)



**Ellen Page**

## THY WILL BE DONE...

I SEE WHERE **ELLEN PAGE'S SPINNAKER DRIVE-DWELLING DAD, DENNIS PAGE**, HAS BEEN NAMED AS AN EXECUTOR OF HIS LATE **LOCKEPORT MUM KATHLEEN PAGE'S ESTATE**.

Sharing those duties with graphic designer Dennis are his two brothers, **Burt "Eurowerks" Page** and **Laurie Page**, a retired **Shelburne County** schoolteacher.

According to probate documents, the estate has been valued at just **\$67,100**, representing the Page family home on **Lockeport's Brighton Road**, a short drive from the **Government Wharf** where the town's now-famous grease pole can be found each **Canada Day**.

Ellen's 92-year-old grandma, an identical twin, died **August 24 (Frank 567)**.

□□□

IN MID-DECEMBER THE **N.S. COURT OF APPEAL** UPHELD AN EARLIER RULING FROM **SUPREME COURT GAVELBANGER ART PICKUP**, AND AWARDED THE LATE **EZRA MORRELL'S \$250,000 LIFE INSURANCE POLICY** TO HIS EX WIFE, **INGRID OSTROM**.

Ezra's mother, **Kingross Quilts** artist **Anne Morrell**, argued that her former daughter-in-law had forfeited her rights to the policy in the separation agreement that legalized Ingrid and Ezra's 2006 divorce (**Frank 567**).

But Justices **Jamie Saunders**, **Linda Oland**, and **Joel Fichaud** disagreed with Ann and her **Stewart McKelvey** lawyer **Tim Matthews**, and ruled Ingrid's claim was still valid, as Ezra had not changed an earlier will.

But Anne argued Ezra was in the process of rewriting the will that named Ingrid his chief beneficiary and her mother, **Elaine Ostrom**, as estate executor, before his **Jan. 21, 2008** death in a two-vehicle accident near **Falkenham's Farm** in **Lunenburg County**.

In what some might see as a cruel twist, the judges ordered Anne to pay **\$2,000** in costs to her late son's estate and allowed Elaine, wife of retired **NSCAD** ceramicist **Walter Ostrom**, to charge her legal fees to the estate.

A restorer of historic homes and a gifted potter, Ezra was 31.

## THE RESURRECTION OF ROBERT STANFIELD'S GRAVESTONE

ALL GOING WELL, I HEAR A PROPER GRAVE MARKER SHOULD ONCE AGAIN ADORN THE **CAMP HILL CEMETERY** PLOT OF FAMED **N.S. PREMIER BOB STANFIELD** THIS SPRING.

Word has it the new memorial, which I believe is supposed to commemorate all three of Stanfield's wives, will be installed sometime in **May** or **June**.

Stanfield died in **2003**.

A previous tombstone, installed following the tragic motor-vehicle death of Stanfield's first wife, **Nora Joyce Frazee**, in **1954**, was removed by Stanfield's third ball and chain, Anne, a **Toronto**-bred divorcee and teacher, in the fall of **2006**, in preparation for the arrival of an **1,800-pound** black-granite monstrosity Anne said would serve as a tribute to all three of Bob's missuses, including his second bride **Mary Margaret Hall**, who succumbed to cancer in **1977**.

Needless to say, Anne's unilateral decision didn't sit well with Joyce's four kids — **Sarah**, **Max**, **Judy** and **Mimi** — who'd already locked horns with stepmother Anne over the contents of their father's will, which they argued gave them short-shrift in favour of Anne.



**Robert Stanfield and the old gravestone...**



More legal wrangling followed the removal of their mother's headstone — Mimi called Anne's actions "deeply offensive and hurtful" and argued that its proposed over-the-top replacement flew in the face of Bob's "humble demeanour" and "true wishes."

Eventually Bob's kids decided not to continue the fight.

Whether the new gravestone's design has since changed, I cannot say, though I'll be interested to see the so-called tribute when it arrives.

CHATTER

BY

BUBBLES

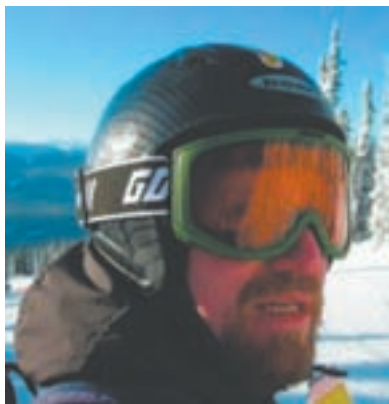
FRANKLANDER



## LET'S PLAY SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION...

DID YOU KNOW THAT **DR. ERIC RAPAPORT**, AN ASSOCIATE PROF AT **DALHOUSIE'S SCHOOL OF PLANNING**, IS A BROTHER TO **MICHAEL RAPAPORT**, THE BEANSTALK THESPIAN THAT ONCE PLAYED **PHOEBE'S** COP BOYFRIEND **GARY** ON "**FRIENDS**"? WELL, HE IS.

In fact, I hear that six-foot-four Michael, whose acting credits include roles on **David E. Kelly's** now-defunct "**Boston Public**," the **Wentworth Miller** vehicle "**Prison Break**," **NBC's** "**My Name is Earl**," and the dysfunctional-family comedy "**The War at Home**," where he played patriarch **David Gold**, has paid at least one visit to former **UBC** pedagogue Eric and his lovely PhD wiferoo **Dr. Cilla Alstrom** at their **Murray Hill Drive** abode in **Dartmouth**.



**Eric Rapaport**



**Cilla Alstrom**



**Michael Rapaport**



## A BIG BLAST FROM THE PAST

SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT **SPRYFIELD'S ALDEN BROWN**: THE MAN'S GUM COME A LONG WAY SINCE LEAVING THESE HUMBLE SHORES FOR SUNNY **CALIFORNIA** BACK IN **1982**.

In fact, it's hard to believe that this once-awkward **J.L. Ilsley** teen, now **52**, is adored by legions of "**Peter North**" fans the world over who remain in awe of his lengthy, er, um, adult film career.

Which is why I was amazed when, over the **Christmas** holidays, I happened to stumble upon a vintage piece of pre-Internet Alden Brown memorabilia while thumbing through some aged periodicals at a used-book store.

As many die-hard porn collectors and **Google** addicts alike well know, sandwiched in between Alden's years as a wide-eyed **Haligonian** and those marking his reign as the world's one-eyed **Prince of Peckerdome**, the present-day **Newport Coast**, Calif. resident was known in dirty-movie circles as gay-for-pay "actor" **Matt Ramsey**.

It's a part of his past some say Alden would prefer to say *sehleng* so long to.

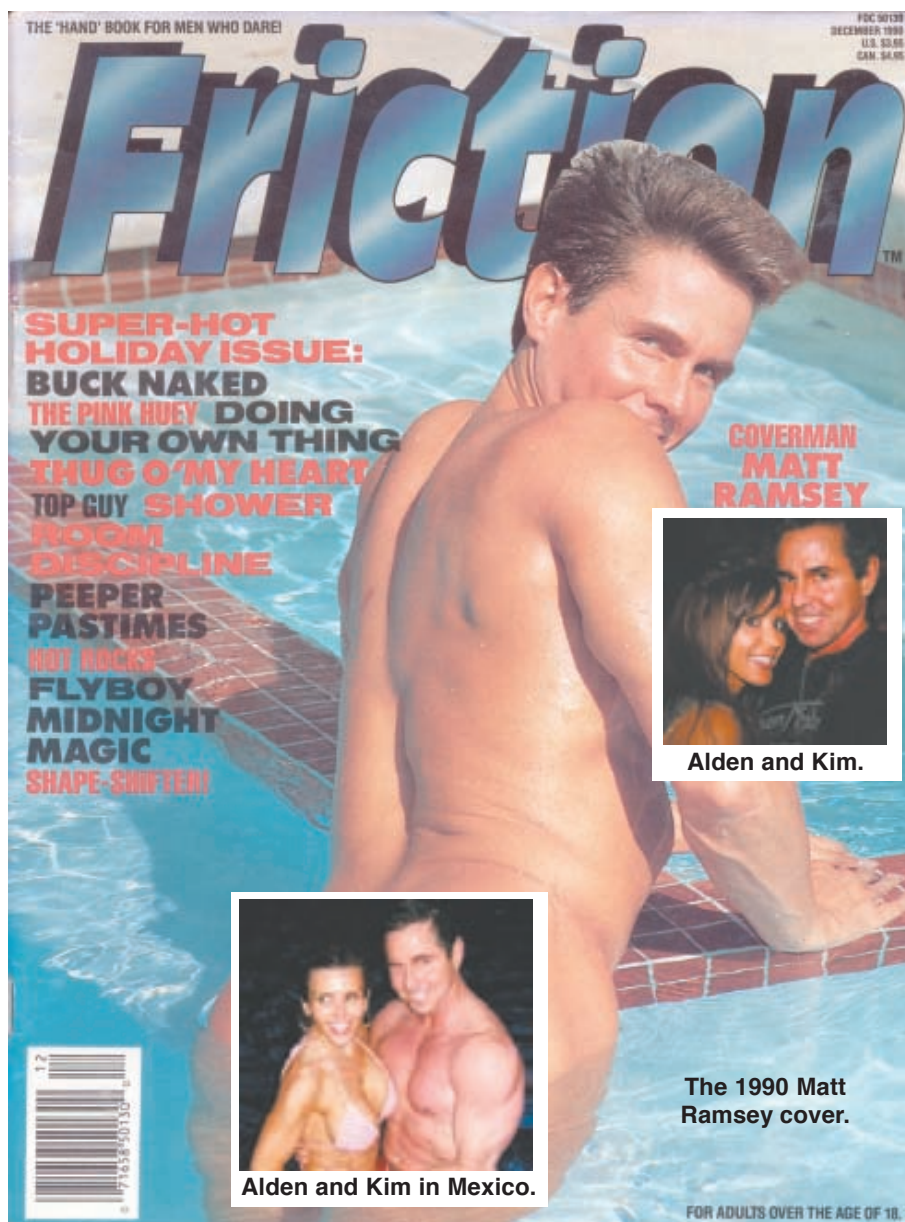
Of course, said past is pretty hard to ignore when you find yourself cheek to, er, um, cheek with "Matt's" bare buns splashed across the cover of the **December 1990** issue of **N.Y. based Friction**, a self-described "'hand' book for men who dare!" containing several solo shots of Alden's claim to fame. And it ain't his face!

For a mere **\$2.50**, I couldn't resist snatching it up.

But just so we're clear, you should know Alden's all the about the women now, and has been for some time.

In fact, according to his **Facebook** page, he's currently "in a relationship" with a v. lovely gal named **Kimberly Wimmer**. I believe she's in the IT biz.

Peter, of course, is the president and CEO of **Irvine-based North Pole Enterprises** which, in case you were wondering, has absolutely nothing to do with melting ice caps or polar bears.



## 'J-ROC' TALK TALK

CITY THUGS WERE ALL ATWITTER LAST WEEK WHEN **TRAILER PARK BOYS** STAR **JONATHAN "J-Roc" TORRENS, 37**, MADE AN UNEXPECTED CAMEO AT THE **SPRING GARDEN ROAD** COURTHOUSE.

Turns out the former **Street Cents** host and **Jonovision** star was in da house to make good on a **\$164.50** celling-while-driving ticket, given to him **January 7** near **Woodland Avenue** and **Victoria Road** in **Dartmouth**.

Court documents indicate the **Lower Onslow**-addressee was behind the wheel of a **2009 Mini Cooper** owned by **MacLeod's Farm Machinery** (**Carson MacLeod**, pres.) when the cops pulled him over.

At last check, Jonathan's latest offering, **TV with TV's Jonathan Torrens**, was stinking up the airwaves of **CanWest Global** cable station, **TVtropolis**.





Trout Point Lodge.

## FAR AWAY SCANDAL TOUCHES N.S. WILDERNESS GETAWAY

BY MAL PHEEZANSE

THE **TROUT POINT LODGE** ECO-TOURISM/CULINARY HOTSPOT IN **YARMOUTH COUNTY** FORMS PART OF THE BACKDROP OF A **BIG EASY** POLITICAL SCANDAL THAT SAW THE RESIGNATION OF LONGTIME **JEFFERSON PARISH** PREZ **AARON BROUSSARD**.

On **January 8**, Aaron shelved his **35-year** political career after **U.S.** federal officials began investigating several allegations of corruption within his administration, which oversees **Louisiana's** Jefferson Parish, the state's most populous county that takes in much of suburban **New Orleans**.

Two days before the **Democrat** stepped aside, citing "ongoing controversial issues (that have) rendered me severely limited in my normal duties," the **Times-Picayune** reported on allegations Aaron had rented his upscale getaway on **Trout Point Road** to "a handful of business people holding public contracts with Jefferson Parish government."

Louisiana watchdog agency, the **Metropolitan Crime Commission (MCC)**, asked federal officials "to determine if (Aaron) had enriched himself by inviting or encouraging any of these potential parish vendors to go up there and utilize his property or invest in his property," an MCC official told **WWLTV's Eye-witness News**.

Aaron's **\$360,000** resort getaway is in the **Tobeatic** wilderness, an area first settled by New Orleans movers and shakers **c. 1998**, when a trio of cheese-lovin' **Yanks** purchased the former **Prout** estate and opened the luxury Trout Point Lodge to cater to the wealthy jambalaya-munchin' set (**Frank 438, 458**).

In the fallout from the resignation, Trout Point Lodge principals are not exactly rallying around their fellow traveller, Aaron. Understandably, they seem hotter than a **Cajun** spice to distance their biz from the political stinkfest, telling local media that Aaron is not a silent investor in their award-winning resort.

The perceived association likely stems from the fact Aaron acquired a neighbouring cottage in **August 2002** from Louisiana's late thoroughbred racing matriarch **Marie Krantz**, whose property was purchased from the Trout Point Lodge biz **two** years earlier.

At the time of the deed transfer, **six** months before her death at **67**, Marie also advanced Aaron a **\$469,625** US loan, at no interest, payable over **10** years, property records indicate.

The beleaguered Jefferson Parish pol also owns or co-owns three additional lots, in spitting distance, which are mortgaged by a couple different **U.S.** banks for nearly **\$300,000** US.

FYI, exactly four days before Aaron fell on his own sword, his **cao Tim Whitmer** resigned amid allegations that Whitmer, via his private firm, profited from Jefferson Parish public

## SAY CHEESE!

BY IVANA VELVEETA

MORE LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARE FILED IN THE ONGOING ROW BETWEEN THE **ATLANTIC CANADA OPPORTUNITIES AGENCY** AND **TROUT POINT LODGE** PRINCIPALS **CHARLES LEARY**, **VAUGHN PERRET** AND **DANIEL ABEL** THAN THERE ARE VARIETIES OF CHEESE IN **FRANCE**.

Although ACOA fired the first salvo in **June 2002**, suing the trio and their **Yarmouth County** cheesemaking biz **La Ferme D'Acadie** for **\$104,211** in alleged arrears from a **1998** loan, the litigants do not seem finished yet. By the looks of it, we may discover that the moon is made of green cheese before this tiff ever ends.

Last fall, **N.S. Court of Appeal's Justice Jill Hamilton** ruled that the **Yankee** bizmen could sue ACOA over its acknowledgement it destroyed "virtually all" the documents related to the disputed loan.

Apparently, the federal money-chucking agency deems its policy of shredding old documents "routine." If I was minister **Peter MacKay**, I'd be on the horn mighty quick to ACOA big cheese **Monique Collette**, and I'd be giving her an earful.

Ironically, an earlier, related **Supreme Court** action had the **New Orleans**-based biz associates pleading that their documentary evidence was "**90%**" destroyed by **Hurricane Katrina**. They also alleged relevant documents were lost when a safe was stolen in a **2006** Trout Point Lodge break-in.

Since the legal spat began, three ACOA employees who played "pivotal roles" in the loan process have died, and others are no longer working for the feds.

Excuse me while I go back to my bag of cheesies now.

works projects. Gotta love Louisiana politics, baby!

Serious **Frankcologists** will recall that a week before **Katrina** blew into town, federal investigators subpoenaed Aaron in a probe into Jefferson Parish courthouse corruption (**Frank 463**).

Trout Point Lodge, which was recently short-listed in a worldwide **National Geographic** contest for its eco-friendly practices, is owned by **New York State** lawyer **Vaughn Perret**, and **NOLA** rezzies, gourmand extraordinaire **Charles Leary**, and attorney **Daniel Abel**. The trio are now battling **ACOA** in the **Nova Scotia Court of Appeal** over their Yarmouth County cheese farm (See story above).

Does Frank Know?  
atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca

# GLOVES COME OFF IN RAMBLERS RUMBLE

BY PEN ALTEEBOX

IT APPEARS FORMER **AMHERST** MAYOR **JERRY HALLEE** WANTS TO WRESTLE CONTROL OF THE **AMHERST RAMBLERS** AWAY FROM HIS ONE-TIME MAYORAL RIVAL **GEORGE BAKER**.

Ex-pol Jerry threw down the gauntlet at a **January 5** chinwag in the local **Lions Club**, when he vowed he intended to attempt to dethrone Ramblers prez George at the **Junior A** hockey club's next AGM.

"I hope he does," George tells me, full of piss and vinegar. "I've been here **eight** years. When I took over, we were **\$150,000** in debt. Now we're not. Where were they when there was a debt?"

Locals advise me George and Jerry have no love lost, and apparently George has never forgot that time Jer kicked his butt at the ballot box. Nope, George just can't get over that mayoral massacre.

While I was unable to reach Jer, Georgie wouldn't talk about his old nemesis, except to lump Jerry in with the "yapping and chirping" coming from his opponents.

"Their negativity is causing more trouble," he harps, and crows, "I'm a leader. I'm a town councillor. I'm not going anywhere."

"Look, it's my fourth term as councillor. I've always finished first or second, so I must be doing something right."

Locals tell me that George, a man who appears to boast a healthy ego, deserves universal praise for steering the Ramblers safely out of debt, although some in the bordertown are concerned with flagging attendance — Ramblers games now draw closer to **400** than the peak **1,100** a few years back — and wonder if maybe it isn't time for change.

One critic even compares the **Central Avenue** dweller to **Richard Hatfield**.

"George has overstayed his welcome," he explains, casting him in a losers club that includes the once-immovable **Ernie Fage** and **Bill Casey**.

Told the **Amherst Daily Snooze** described the Baker presidency as a possible "power vacuum" waiting to happen, George scoffs and re-



George Baker

plies that his opponents are more like a "shop vac with the engine half-working."

I fear George's cockiness may be blinding him from the facts on the ground. A recent **Amherst Daily Snooze** poll

asked, "If a vote were held today, who would you choose to be president of the Amherst junior A Ramblers hockey club?" With the three options "George Baker, Jerry Hallee, and **Anybody Else**," poor George scored **nine** percentage points higher than Anybody Else, but languished **16%** below Jerry's **47%** approval rating.

Perhaps one reason some folks aren't feeling the **Good George Vibes** as much anymore, is a perception that George runs the Ramblers as his own personal fiefdom.

"He's got his son, his daughter and his son-in-law on the executive!" a source exclaims, naming **Danny Baker**, **Carrie Gilroy** and **Peter Gilroy**, who indeed sit on the board.

But another local says admirably, "He's pretty well set-up with his people. He's hand-picked them. I would dare say they've got a hard job getting George out."

For his part, George points out the executive are all volunteer positions, and no one is making money off the Ramblers. He thinks the team's bottom-dwelling in the standings is responsible for the lackluster crowds, who are used to backing winners.

"The fan base is excellent," George assures me, and he is confident they'll return to the arena come playoff time.

The only self-critical moment in our **10-plus** minute talk is when George admits the team lacks a corporate sponsor, and would be in better shape with a big company onboard.

"We've got to keep the organization here in Amherst. That's my main goal," he insists.

I'm told Amherst is geographically divided into pro-Jerry and pro-George camps. If you're driving in from the **Trans-Canada**, down **Church Street** to **Victoria Street**, on the left-hand side are George supporters (let's call them the **Jets**), while the right-hand side are Jerry's supporters (let's call those the **Sharks**). It's pretty much one side of the hill against the other: Jerry's got all the important people in their big homes, and George has the working class stiff on his side.

May the best man win.

*Does Frank Know? atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*

SPORTS  
OF SORTS



## AUTOMOTIVE NEWS

**ROB ELLS** CONTINUES TO HOLD DOWN A JOB AT **BRIDGEWATER HONDA**.

Ells is facing **27** criminal fraud charges related to financial crimes he allegedly committed in the months leading up to the demise of his **Lower Sackville** used car dealership last year (**Frank 555-557**).

Just before **Christmas**, Bridgewater Honda owner **Eric Higgins** told me that the **41-year-old** former **Fall River** man was no longer in his employ, and sounded shocked when I detailed the charges, laid by the **Halifax RCMP Commercial Crime Unit** on **November 24** (**Frank 575**).

Guess the shock has worn off a bit.

Of course, everyone is innocent until proven guilty, and maybe Eric decided the guy needed a break. I'm not sure of Rob's job description, but one tipster said he was in the management ranks. For all I know he's the poor schlub who has to circle the lot every day and scrape the ice and snow off the inventory.

"I'm not here all the time," Rob told me when I caught up with him at work. Needless to say, he wasn't interested in discussing his pending criminal case.

"I don't think that's any of your business," he advised me.

Appearing in **Dartmouth Provincial Court** for arraignment on **January 4**, Rob's **Pink Larkin** legal beagle **Andrew Nielsen** requested an adjournment to a later date. **Judge Frank Hoskins** set aside the matter until **February 15**.



Rob Ells



# THE LION OF THE EASTERN SHORE, 1930-2009

## REMEMBERING A. GARNET BROWN

By A. FRANK GRUNT

SWASHBUCKLING IS THE WORD THAT COMES TO MIND, THE KIND OF WORD THAT IN THIS INSTANCE READILY THRUSTS ITSELF TO THE FORE OF THE MIND, AND JUST STICKS THERE.

No so much in the romantic sense, but notably in the fearless adventurer, risk-taking sense.

And **A. Garnet Brown, 79**, was an adventurer both in the business world and in political circles.

Garnie, or "Brownie" as he was referred to by friends and associates, died at his **Fielding Avenue** residence on **January 7**. He had not been well for a number of years, and in the last five years rarely ventured outside his **Halifax** home.

But declining health did nothing to diminish the legacy of food broker politician **Alexander Garnet Brown**, who held various cabinet posts and represented the **Halifax Eastern Shore** riding in the **N.S. Legislature** from **1969 to 1978**. It is the same riding which is today held by some obscure **Darrell Dexter N-Dipper** backbencher by the name of **Sid Prest**.

But forget about Sid Prest, whoever the hell he is. I'm not here to write about the present - I'm here to write about the past!

Garnie is now committed to the past. And "commitment" is something you hear much about when you talk to the people who knew Garnie Brown. Chummed with Garnie Brown. Worked side by side with Garnie Brown. Stood side by side with Garnie Brown. Walked by his side, and sometimes, yes, overly refreshed, even fell down by Garnie's side.

The backdrop for the adventure that was Garnie Brown's public life is, of course, that heady, best and brightest, free spending, shirttail dangling era of **Premier Gerald A. Regan**, around whose cabinet table sat one **Mr. A. Garnet Brown**.

Yep. Sure were some pretty bright fellows around the cabinet table in those days: **Peter M. Nicholson, Allen E. Sullivan, Ralph F. Fiske, D. Scott MacNutt, J. William Gillis**, and on staff, lurking in the background, the equally wonderful minds of **Peter Green, David Mann, Fred Drummie**, and the late **Harry Flemming**.

Compare that with contemporary likes of: **Stirling Belliveau, John MacDonell, Percy Paris, Ross Landry**, and **Maureen MacDonald**, and it kind of makes a fellow want



A. Garnet "Garnie" Brown

to suddenly leave work early one Monday afternoon, just go home and push that .303 up tight to the roof of your mouth. Doesn't it?

But forget about suicide by boring uninspired government. Stop having a boring tuna. Stop having a boring life. Stop having a boring death. After all, I'm not here to write about death. Not even Garnie's death. I here to write about how A. Garnet Brown lived.

"He lived large," said longtime friend **Pat Connolly**.

### 'A Very Remarkable Guy'

The legendary sportscaster knew "Brownie" for nearly 60 years.

"He was a very remarkable guy. He was never interested in the trappings of a cabinet office. He inspired people, always had good people around him, got things done," Connolly said.

He points to A. Garnet's appointment as minister of **Sport & Recreation**, the first ever of its kind in the country, not only the prototype for the rest of the nation, but setting a world-class standard in terms of promoting culture and developing recreational facilities.

"Brownie's the man responsible for making the **Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame** what it is today," added Connolly.

"He had a vision of things."

The pair first met in **1952** when **Sydney, Cape Breton** born Pat arrived in **Halifax** to take over as sports director of **CJCH** radio when **Danny Gullivan** moved on to become the voice of the **Montreal Canadians**.

It was **New Waterford** native, baseball coach **Eddie Gillis**, back in the '50s who made the introductions.

"Eddie was the **Kentville** recreational director at the time, and Brownie had, I think, had just returned from the **States**, where he was playing in the **Brooklyn Dodgers** farm system," Connolly recalled.

But good luck trying to bump legendary, future **Hall of Famer** Brooklyn Dodgers catcher **Roy Campanella** out of his starting position.

Garnie Brown might have been a pretty dam good baseball player, but that didn't make him a stupid man. No, siree.

Besides, he had a food brokerage firm to start with his father, **Garnet Sr.** He'd play a little in the ol' **H&D League** because he loved the sport and had met many fine people through baseball, but there would be no major league career.

"He loved people, loved being around people," added Connolly, "He was a trailblazer who related to people from all walks of life. Brownie wasn't your average politician, not by the standards of the day, and certainly not by today's standards."

Today both Pat Connolly and A. Garnet Brown are proud and well-deserving members of the **Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame**.

"Sports, I think, made Brownie relate to people as well as he did."

Connolly recalled being in the **Montreal Forum**, alongside the new sports & rec minister and hometown talent **CBC** sports announcer **Steve Armitage** on the night of **September 2, 1972**.

It was the opening game of the famous, and original, **Canada-Russia** hockey series. The so-called **Summit Series**.

When **Phil Esposito** scored **30** seconds into the game, and **Paul Henderson** scored just six minutes later to put the Canadians up **2-zip**, Garnie and Connolly, et al, were all smiles. But the final score, **7-3**, in favour of the **U.S.S.R.** soon sent the stunned **Team Canada** believers to the best place for a post-game post mortem - the nearest bar.

"Oh, yeah, we had to drown our sorrows," concluded Connolly.

Pat Connolly and Garnie Brown were gregarious fellows. Together they could be twice as gregarious.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**BROWN, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE**

Former provincial **NDP** leader **Jeremy Akerman** was elected to the Legislature in **1970** to represent the fine people of **Glace Bay**, about **18** months after Garnie. He recalled a bon vivant of tremendous generosity.

One day with the Opposition putting some heat on the Gerald A. Liberals, Akerman, via a **House of Assembly** page girl, received a hastily scribbled note. It was from the Hon. Mr. Brown, and it asked, "Do you like salmon?"

The Hon. Mr. Akerman, a man not unacquainted with culinary delight, sent a note back to the honourable member for Halifax-Eastern Shore: "Yes, come to think of it, I do enjoy the odd salmon."

To which food broker/cabinet minister Garnie Brown replied with a second hand-delivered ministerial note: "How many would you like?"

Then the page crossed the floor once again with the reply from the Glace Bay, the Cape Breton-East member: "How many salmon do you have?"

To which the Hon. A Garnet Brown sent his third note to the Hon. Mr. Akerman, suggesting they rise immediately, and retreat to the **Province House** foyer to discuss this important matter further.

"I couldn't believe it," Akerman told me. "Garnie met me in the lobby, took me out to the parking lot, opened up the trunk of his Lincoln, whatever it was, and there in the truck of his car were about **50** salmon, and each of them had to be about **four** or **five** feet long. I took one and it took me about a week and a half to eat it."

Was cunning Garnie trying to throw Akerman off his opposition game? Or was he just bored?

"I don't know if politics, particularly when he was part of the government, moved fast enough for Garnie," Akerman suggests.

Then there was the time, Akerman reminisced, just prior to former **PC** premier **G.I. Smith's** resignation from the House (after his 1970 defeat by Gerald A.) that neither Garnie nor G.I. were moving very fast.

There had been a reception at **Government House** with **Lt.-Gov. Victor deB. Oland**, at which refreshment was served. Then it was back to work for an evening sitting of the House.

Garnie and G.I. returned somewhat unsteady on their feet, and clinging perilously to the edges of their desks, the two honourable members decided to debate each other on an important matter of state. No doubt.

Faces were flushed, words fell awkwardly from the tongue, and at some point during this intense, if not amusing deliberation, Garnie lost his final measure of inhibition and called the former premier "an old squirrel."

G.I. must have questioned Garnie's patriotism, because the Hon. Mr. Brown was a great patriot.



**Brown speaks in the Legislature as the province's first minister of Recreation.**

### **The Great Flag Debate**

Another of Garnie's many friends over the years was former **Chronicle Herald** reporter **Ron MacDonald**, who, for a time was a neighbour of Garnie's, and a neighbour, also, of Garnie's great backyard flagpole on which Granie proudly flew the **Maple Leaf**.

With Garnie gone from his abode one day, Ronald J. had the perfect opportunity to do the devil's work. With extension ladder in tow, Ronald J. quietly crept into Garnie's backyard, lowered the Maple Leaf, and in its place, he nailed to Garnie's great flagpole the brightest, bluest fleur de lis, the "national" flag of **Quebec**, you ever did want to see.

"Garnie never ever said anything to me about that," MacDonald told me from his home in **North Sydney**. "But he knew it was me."

No harm, no foul.

"Anyway," recollected MacDonald, "Garnie later had Harry (Flemming) speak at a tribute to **Joe Casey**, and Garnie tried to give Harry **\$100**. Harry never took money from Garnie, but this time he did and he went out and bought Garnie a new Canadian flag."

MacDonald called his friend a "real fine fellow," and noted that when it came to opposition members and A. Garnet Brown, there were no party lines.

"You couldn't dislike Garnie, no matter what your politics. He listened to people, got along well with people. He'd give you anything," MacDonald said.

"I remember one time, oh, late in the evening, let's say, and Garnie, being Garnie, tried to give Harry (Flemming) a case of **Skippy** peanut butter. Harry told Garnie he

couldn't take it because his kids didn't like **Skippy** peanut butter. Garnie couldn't understand anybody not liking **Skippy** peanut butter. I think he got a bit pissed off that Harry wouldn't accept his **Skippy** peanut butter.

"Most of all," concluded MacDonald, "Garnie believed in whatever he was doing. That's what made him such a terrific salesman and special human being. He had that common touch."

Not coincidentally, it was that common touch which made A. Garnet Brown a natural ally for a federal Liberal cabinet minister who during the '70s served first as **Pierre Trudeau's** minister of **Indian Affairs** and later as minister of **Industry, Trade and Commerce**. His name was **Jean Chretien**.

While some might argue that the **20th Prime Minister of Canada** went on to lose his "common touch," Jean Chretien remained in good standing in Garnie's books.

As prime minister Jean Chretien, when he was in the area and his scheduled allowed, would drop by to see Garnie. And Garnie had all of PM Chretien's phone numbers. So much so, that when Garnie would find himself up late at night, or in the very early pre-dawn hours often doing some heavy deliberation, he would phone **24 Sussex**, sometimes at five in the morning, and Chretien's wife **Aline** would answer at **4 a.m.** her time, with a groggy, but welcoming, "Hello, Garnet...."

### **A Very Busy Mind & A Pricey Pair Of Brogues**

Yep. That's the thing about A. Garnet Brown, I'm told his mind was so busy that he often kept very odd hours.

He could be working at his **Kempt Road**, Halifax offices of **A.G. Brown & Sons Ltd.** at **3 a.m.**, make it to an early morning cabinet meeting, put in a shift at his cabinet office, then make it home by late afternoon to enjoy some of his favourite television, er, um, the late afternoon soaps, as in **The Edge of Night**, and **Another World**. The man was a great soap opera fan.

As for that sense of adventure? Who else do you know, dressed only in his swimming trunks, would take a cab from Halifax to **Queensland Beach**, about a **40 minute** drive from metro?

Garnie, the millionaire food broker, did this one fine **Labour Day Weekend** all by himself. He liked to be amongst his friends. When he arrived at Queensland Beach he spotted only some women and children. He told the cab driver, likely an **Armdale Taxi** driver, to wait. Then, as some refreshment had obviously been involved, Garnie delicately made his way out of the cab. He hugged the women, said hello to the children, then asked: "*Where the hell are the boys?*"

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

# GERALD R. PRAISES A FRIEND & COLLEAGUE

FORMER PREMIER **GERALD A. REGAN**, WHO TURNS **82** ON **FEBRUARY 13**, DELIVERED GARNIE'S EULOGY TO AN OVERFLOW CROWD AT **ST. AGNES CHURCH** ON **MUMFORD ROAD**.

Gerald A. was qualified for the task, having shared a **64** year friendship with Garnie. And nobody, politically speaking, had any more for which to thank Garnie than Gerald A.

In **1963**, it was the robust businessman food broker who managed Gerald A.'s successful election to the **House of Commons** as **MP** for **Halifax**.

In **1969**, it was Garnie's byelection win in the **Eastern Shore** bellwether riding over **Tory Murray Prest** by **952** votes, which signalled the end of Tory rule. It set the stage for the Regan Liberals to win the general election the following **October** in **1970**.

Ironically, Garnie, in **1969**, then the **President of the N.S. Liberal Party**, wasn't the party's first choice. They wanted the big lumbering fellow with the booming voice who owned the **Porter's Lake IGA**, a fellow named **Charlie V. Keating**.

Big Charlie, of course, courtesy of his Liberal friends, went on to make millions and millions of dollars in the metro cable TV market. In doing so, he became, for a time at least, a sore spot for Garnie Brown, who was also a founding member of **Hailifax Cablevision Ltd.** and **Dartmouth Cable TV**. Garnie felt he had been squeezed out of the biz by big Charlie. I am told, second-hand but by a routinely reliable source, that some time close to or shortly after big Charlie's cancer death in **November 2005**, that the two families ironed out a financial arrangement.

No matter. None of this had any effect on the friendship between Gerald A. and Garnie.

Garnie, in fact, was godfather to Gerald's youngest daughter, the accomplished film and television actress **Laura Regan**.

Only two weeks ago the former premier brought Laura along to pay a visit at the home of her ailing godfather.

In his eulogy, Gerald A., speaking from notes only, told of those who would routinely drop by to hold court in Garnie's living room, while infirm but still sharp as a tack Garnie sat back in his colossal and comfortable chair.

Those faithful luminaries over the years in-



Gerald Regan in 1977.

cluded: "**Puddy**" **Reardon**, **Dugger McNeil**, **David Sobey**, **David Zareski**, **Dennis Connolly**, **Walter Fitzgerald**, **Gerry Doucet**, **Jimmy Georgantas** and **Bruce Reardon**.

The former premier spoke eloquently of Garnie's achievements, his character, his generosity, and his love of family, and the Eastern Shore.

**Betty** and Garnie Brown were married for **56** years. She was from the Eastern Shore, which became her husband's adopted home and political base.

But it was a tough road getting there.

Young Garnie, in those courting days back in the early '50s, didn't have a car. He wanted one, maybe two. But most of all he wanted young Sheet Harbour beauty **Betty Lowe** in his life. He just had to have her in his life.

After too many sleepless nights he rang Betty father's, **Earl Lowe**, a man he had never met,

and told his future father-in-law to pick him up at the ol' **Dartmouth** ferry terminal because he couldn't live without his daughter.

Earl showed up. That was salesman A. Garnet Brown.

Betty and Garnie were married on **August 22, 1953**. Unfortunately, Garnie was still *sans* automobile. So he asked Earl if he could borrow his car to take Betty on their honeymoon to **P.E.I.**

His new father-in-law explained that that wouldn't be a problem. But when Betty and Garnie brought their bags to the car, his new in-laws thought they would come along for the ride, you know, to share the driving.

When the foursome finally made it to their destination, father-in-law and son-in-law brought the bags in from the automobile, then immediately left the honeymoon suite in search of the local bootlegger.

The eulogy brought life to Garnie Brown's agile way of thinking, his ability, his energy, and his boundless optimism.

Never too big on formal schooling, Gerald A. recounted the time the **St. Pat's High** student and prized athlete was in dire need of a blank report card so he could, er, um, customize his grades. Garnie found one, and **Garnet Sr.** and mother **Margaret** were ever so pleased. At least until the real report card landed in their mailbox.

Oh, dear.

From there it was on to rival **Queen Elizabeth High**, where Garnie was told, "No sports: stick to the three 'R's.'" Well, that dictum went out the window pretty darn quick. Garnie was just too good a basketball and football player.

The former premier didn't have to do much research for his eulogy. Since his late teens, the former **Windsor** sportscaster had known of and appreciated A. Garnet Brown.

While, they may have taken different roads to the corridors of power, there was no side to A. Garnet's personality that Gerald A. did not see or appreciate. Most times.

Probably not the time Garnie "went on strike," as Regan put it to me.

"I forget exactly what the issue was at the time. There was something Garnie wanted for the Eastern Shore, and he couldn't get cabinet to along with it. So, he refused to come to work. He boycotted us for 10 days," Regan recalled.

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

## BROWN, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

One wife, or girlfriend, or what have you, told Garnie "the boys" were in **Chester** at the **Fo'c'sle Tavern**.

So Garnie hops back in the cab and directs the cab to **42 Queen St., Chester**, home of the historic Fo'c'sle.

He walks in, spots "the boys," waves the cab driver off with a generous tip, and takes his seat around the big table. Then the waiter takes one look at Garnie and sez: "Sorry, sir, can't serve you." Garnie looked up and sez: "It's the bare feet, isn't it?"

The waiter sez: "Yup."

Garnie gets up, walks in his bare feet, of course, down Queen Street

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until he finds himself a shoe store. He re-enters the tavern, takes his seat, and re-orders his beer, and flashes his brand new pair of expensive brogues for all to see.

Bartender sez: "Sorry, sir, can't serve you. It's a dress code thing. You're not wearing a shirt."

Barrel-chested Garnie looks, down. "You're exactly right," he sez. Garnie gets up, walks in his shiny, brand new brogues down Queen Street once again, only to return 20 minutes later in his bathing suit and new brogues, and wearing the prettiest, hand-knit, heaviest wool sweater likely ever to be found in **South Eastern Lunenburg County**.

*Does Frank Know? atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*



# GARNIE BROWN:

## A MAN OF GREAT IDEAS

FORMER **CHRONICLE HERALD** REPORTER AND **FRANK** MAGAZINE CO-FOUNDER, **DULCIE CONRAD** KNEW **GARNIE BROWN** FOR DONKEY'S YEARS.

After leaving the *Herald* she spent five years as the **Director of Research & Promotion** at the newly created **Department of Recreation**.

She is a charter member of the unique government department which was conceived by its first minister A. Garnie Brown in **September, 1972**, and proclaimed by the **Nova Scotia Legislature** in **July, 1973**. As noted previously, it was the first of its kind in the country which also at the time embraced culture, heritage and environment.

Dulcie was visiting family in **Ottawa** when she got the news of Garnie's death.

Back in **Halifax** she told me she will remember Garnie as:

"A decent human being who loved his family, loved his work, treated his employees with respect, treated everybody with respect. And a man who would stare you right in the eye and ask the right questions.

"That's one of the things about Garnie, he was clever. He knew that you couldn't kill a good idea, no matter where the idea came from."

She went on to tell me the **Skippy** peanut butter story.

She told me Garnie had clipped this seemingly inconsequential business brief out of the newspaper.

"Yeah, I think it was Skippy peanut butter," she said. "Then the next thing that happens is that Garnie is on a plane to the **U.S. Midwest** or somewhere, and comes back with the **Atlantic Canada** rights to market Skippy peanut butter."

Hell! No wonder Garnie was mad when **Harry Flemming** refused to take home to his kids the case of Skippy peanut butter the phil-

anthropic food broker had offered him!

Unflinching generosity is a singular theme when you talk to people who knew Garnie Brown.

### Sleepless Nites in Vegas

"If his company had a good year," Dulcie added, "At the end of the fiscal year, he'd fly the staff down, mostly men, to **Las Vegas** and give them **\$1,000** each. There were only two rules: you couldn't go to bed, and you had to have fun. After two or three days and nights, Garnie would usually give in and let the men fly their wives down to Las Vegas at his expense."

Garnie's acts of random kindness are legion. He was virtually a one man **Salvation Army**.

One **Holiday** Christmas Season this lady came to Garnie's house selling **Holiday** Christmas wreaths. Garnie asked her how many Christmas wreaths she had. The lady said she had 22 Christmas wreaths. Garnie brought them all and gave them all away. Of course, the next year the same woman was back peddling her wares on the front doorstep of Garnie's Fielding Avenue home.

Meantime, down near the **Armdale Rotary**, once the dispatch station for the long running cab company, **Armdale Taxi** (imagine that?) some taxi drivers were known to harbour ill will if they thought one driver was getting an overly sufficient share of Garnie's taxi business. **Gerald A.** recalls at least one fist fight breaking out.

And, of course, the neighbourhood children. How can you forget the neighbourhood children?

Garnie didn't.

Like he was feeding the birds, Garnie would throw candy out his front door to the kids in the neighbourhood. Like famished starlings and sparrows, they'd gather to recover the candy. As they did Garnie would reappear at the front door, and make his one request — the children would all have to regroup in the



**Dulcie Conrad**

backyard as a choral group, gather 'round the flagpole and sing **O Canada**.

Pretty neat initiative, I'd say. Unfortunately, try doing that today in this *Nervous-Nelly-Nanny-State* in which we are forced to live, and you're likely to find yourself behind bars for child exploitation. Good ol' fashioned Canadian patriotism be damned.

At work, Garnie Brown was equally innovative. When he saw that the **Boy Scouts in Nova Scotia** were in financial distress, he initiated a program where the organization would receive **\$2** a head for every new Boy Scout recruited.

He later, after finding himself seated at a dinner next to the **Commissioner of the Girl Guides of Canada**, offered the same deal to the female folk.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 26**

### GERALD, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Such was Minister Brown's commitment to his adopted political home.

"Don't forget," cautions Regan, "Garnie was a parachute candidate. We didn't know how (his candidacy) was going to work out. His tie to the Eastern Shore was Betty. But he took to the Eastern Shore and the people took to him. He used to call it the 'forgotten land,' and he did a lot for the area. He was minister of **Highways**, don't forget. We paved a lot of roads."

Over all, Regan remembers Garnie as a team player who brought some balance to the more serious and subdued members of the **Executive Council**.

He told me of the time senior cabinet ministers **Peter Nicholson**

and **Leonard Pace** were in **Paris** (the one in **France**, not the one in **Ontario**) preparing for some v. sensitive talks the next day with the **Michelin Tire** folk.

Also prepared for the hard bargaining session was Len Pace's freshly dry-cleaned and set to go three-piece banker's suit.

"Anyway," Regan recalls, "In comes Garnie, I think he may have been over there on some cultural business. And Garnie decides he's going to take a shower or a bath. The next thing you know he comes out of the bathroom and he's holding Len Pace's suit up in one hand, dripping wet, just saturated..."

Yes, and you can just picture Garnie Brown standing there in doorway of this elegant Paris hotel room holding up this saturated suit, asking a little sheepishly, "Ummm, anybody own this?"

*Does Frank Know? atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*

FEBRUARY 2, 2010 ATLANTIC CANADA FRANK **23**

# SOMETIMES YOU WANNA GO... WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR ... KINK!

BY LIB R. TEEN

IF YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR THE **4-H CLUB** BUT STILL DREAM OF ONE DAY BECOMING A MASTER OF BARNYARD ARTS LIKE HOG-TYING, BRANDING AND CATTLE-PRODDING, THERE'S A GROUP OF FOLKS YOU NEED TO MEET.

The **Society of Bastet Alternative Lifestyle Community** is interested in all of the above and, as an added bonus, there's no manure within a mile of the place.

The non-profit society, named for an ancient **Egyptian** cat goddess, is dedicated to the local **BDSM** (bondage, dominance, sadism and masochism), kink and fetish community. Society president **Shelly Stone**, a **N.S. Public Service Commission** admin support clerk by day, says that while many of their **46**-strong membership — each of whom pay annual dues of **\$30** — are, like herself, longtime adherents to the kink scene, the Society aims to introduce newbies to the "lifestyle." For a fee of **\$20**, non-members are welcome to come check out a weekly "play party." There's no pressure to perform, says Shelly. In fact, "we don't encourage people to play on their first visit."

And, just for the record, "playing" doesn't involve sex. It's strictly forbidden in the official clubhouse rules. In fact, even nudity is forbidden by **HRM** by-laws, says Shelly, noting that women must cover from the areola down to their "under boob" (*keep your fancy anatomical terminology — ed.*), and both men and women have to wear at least a thong down below.

Also forbidden, according to club rules, are firearms. Any dangerous weapons, like knives or cattle prods, "must be declared to the **Dungeon Monitor**." Safety first, explains Shelly:

"You can't just walk in there, take out your knife and start carving someone up. It has to be monitored," she says. (*Isn't that always the way? — ed.*)

Shelly also tells me that Bastet will be running the dungeon at the second annual **Everything To Do With Sex Show** at the **Cunard Centre**, from **January 29-31**.

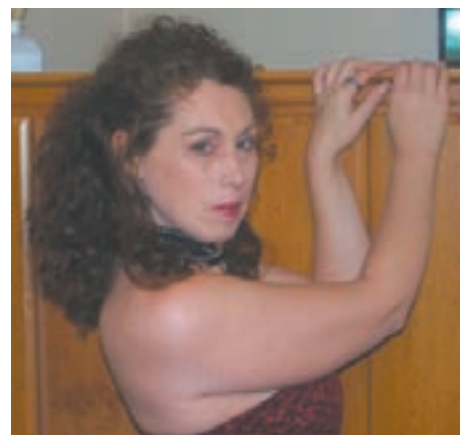
"I'm the dungeon co-host," she boasts.

Weekly events and meetings are held at the Society's clubhouse at **327 Windmill Road**, sandwiched handily between **Deteck Security Systems** and **Cabletec Limited**, in the space formerly occupied by **N-Dipper** MLA **Trevor Zinck**. Building owner **Peter Ha**, of **Ha's Driving School** fame, tells me Bastet was described to him as "some kind of personal club" when they first approached him. Even though he learned a few more sordid details after perusing their website, he says as long as they keep it legal and their **\$1,000** a month rent is paid on time, it's all good. They've been model tenants so far, he says.

"No trouble from them. No bother at all," he tells me.

Besides prez Shelly, also on Bastet's six-member board are **Elmsdale** resident **Kale Deal** a.k.a. **Kale** (vice-president); former fireman and current **Absolute Safety, Inc.** consultant **Jim McCubbin**, a.k.a. **Rockcityfire** (treasurer); and **Blaine E. Miller** of **Barr Settlement**, a.k.a. **DomB** (secretary). Site manager **Chuck "Chuck" Miller** of **Dartmouth** and **Bedford** native **Jeff "Ranger" Warnica**, the communications director, round out the group, elected at the Society's first **Annual General Meeting** in **November**. Detailed meeting minutes are online at [www.societyofbastet.com](http://www.societyofbastet.com).

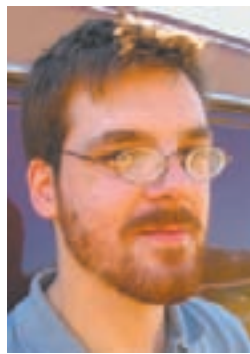
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Shelly "Angel" Stone



327 Windmill Rd, pre-kinkster invasion.



Jeff Warnica, mild-mannered computer programmer by day...



...latex suit-wearing baddie Ranger by night.



# A VERY DIFFERENT DOUBLE DOUBLE

KNOWN AS **ANGELICALLY DEPRAVED** AMONG HER PALS IN "THE LIFESTYLE," THERE ARE PHOTOS OF PROVINCIAL SILLY SERVANT **SHELLY STONE** ONLINE THAT WOULD MAKE HORROR MAESTRO **ROB ZOMBIE** BLUSH.

See Shelly lying naked on a frozen lake. See Shelly sitting naked in a life-sized **Ziploc** bag being deprived of oxygen. See Shelly get burned, shackled, stuck with needles and flogged.

There's also one that shows the **Timberlea** gal strutting up to the counter at a **Tim Horton's** wearing nothing but a pair of high-heels.

"That was in **Bayer's Lake**," she says, giggling, adding, "That was my birthday present."

As an exhibitionist — not to mention a submissive, or "slave" — Shelly was apparently overjoyed to receive an order to strip off in public from her hubby, **Charles William Stone**, a.k.a **Skullbill**.

Shelly says they were on their way home from a "play party" last year when they stopped at the **Chain Lake Drive** Timmy's at about one in the morning. Skullbill went to the counter and ordered her a tea, while Shelly herself made her way into the ladies' room and stripped down. Then she walked up to the counter and retrieved her beverage, while Skullbill documented the moment for posterity. The



Angel shares her Tim's adventure on her Fetlife.com profile.

kid behind the counter didn't say a word. "I kind of felt bad for him," Shelly says.

## KINK, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

While Shelly & Co. are perhaps the most organized group of kinksters ever to grace the area, they certainly ain't the first. Way back in **2001**, I told you about something called the **BDSM Society of Greater Halifax**, which held its meetings on **Joffre Street** in **Dartmouth** (**Frank 357**). Shelly also says she was involved with a loose collection of bondage enthusiasts last year, but their meeting place, a private apartment, was "shut down" for reasons that she didn't want to get into.

You'll also recall that in **2005** segments for the **Showcase** series **Kink** were shot in our fair city, although one of the program's producers confided to me that it was initially quite difficult to track down enough perverts to fill their quota (**Frank 467**).

As for the current Society, Shelly says its long-term goal is to secure a bigger, better clubhouse.

"A **Victorian** house in the **South End**," she enthuses, adding, "Wouldn't that be awesome?" (*It would!* — **ed.**).

While that may sound like a pipe dream, consider that there are currently more than **1,600** kink enthusiasts from **Nova Scotia** registered on website **FetLife.com** — sort of like **Facebook** for the dog collar crowd — with more than **1,000** of them living in **Halifax**.

*Does Frank Know?*  
*atlanticfrank@eastlink.ca*



Jim "Rockcityfire" McCubbin, 47, of Waverley, the pan-sexual dom who serves as treasurer of the Society of Bastet.

A "munch" is kinkster terminology for when a group of people in the "lifestyle" meet up in public to share a meal. **Scotia Square** food court toiler **Brittany Smith**, a.k.a **Sagira**, is shown here during a munch at **Khoury's Restaurant** in **Shuben-acadie** last year. The place is now called **Jack's Ship Diner**, and **Brittany** has since been taken down.



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# THE MAN, AND THE DAD

**ROBERT (BOB) BROWN** IS **GARNIE'S** OLDEST SON. HE SPEAKS IN A QUIET, DELIBERATE TONE. THE TONE OF A GENTLEMAN AND A MAN WELL RAISED. HE AND BROTHER **JAMES** HAVE LONG BEEN INVOLVED IN THE FAMILY'S HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL BROKERAGE BUSINESS.

He described his father as: "larger than life"; "a good family man"; "the family patriarch, the rock of the family"; and "a best friend."

He recalled how his father loved to watch the stock market news on television. How he would delight in bull market times, and in bear market times, he'd eventually just shut the damn television off. Like when the right baseball or the right hockey team wasn't winning. That would be enough of that.

Of all his father's accomplishments Bob points out a few that he, himself, is most proud of:

- Securing the **Bluenose II** from **Bruce Oland**, who we lost last **August**.
- That grand statue of **Winston Churchill** outside the **Spring Garden Road** library, which would not have happened without a big push from Garnie Brown.
- The formation of the **Atlantic Lottery Commission**, at a time when money was going offshore to the **Irish Sweepstakes** tickets and the

like. Back in the day before the explosion of VLTs, and when the money actually went back into amateur sport and recreation.

● Helping to fund the building of community hockey rinks like the one in **Port Hood**, where **Hockey Hall of Famer Al MacInnis** got his start, and plenty of ice time because his father was the rink manager. Think that one over, folks.

● The creation of cultural federations and initiatives like the **Black Cultural Centre**.

● The **Little Red School House** program where, with school amalgamation, smaller rural to-be-abandoned schools were turned into badly needed community centres.

That's just a short list.

Garnie Brown was working up to the day he died.

He suffered from bad aching knees which he never had replaced, congestive heart failure and a mouth or tongue cancer, which also claimed his pal **Harry Flemming** two years ago.

On Thursday night, **January 7**, after holding court in his big chair, at around **8 p.m.**, A. Garnet Brown said he was tired, said he was going to have a sleep. He made it over to the chairlift which would transport him to his bedroom, he sat down, and quietly slipped the surly bonds of Earth.



The Winnie statue



Doug "Harko" Harkness

## GARNIE'S GREAT IDEAS, FROM PAGE 23

Back in Garnie's day when elected (and defeated) MLAs showed enough restraint and grace not to so publicly and brazenly loot the provincial treasury, before the disgraceful days of easy MLA access to easy, obscene, platinum-plated MLA pension schemes and severance schemes, Garnie Brown was benefactor to more than one broken down N.S. MLA.

Garnie was a risk-taker. Most successful businessmen *and businesswomen* (that was for Dulcie, don't ever expect me to write it ever again!) are risk-takers. Garnie liked to play the stock market and he liked to gamble in the casino sense.

And, it's no secret that Garnie Brown liked his drink. So did **John A. Macdonald**, **Winston Churchill** and **Ernest Hemmingway**. Unfortunately, no member of that trio was as high functioning as Garnie Brown. Garnie Brown was no buffoon.

"As far as I know," said Dulcie, "Garnie went to Mass most mornings and never womanized. Whenever that nonsense was about to erupt, Garnie just quietly disappeared."

Likely, the closest Garnie Brown ever came to womanizing was stripping celebrated **Hali-**

fax madame **Ada MacCullum** of her **Royal Doulton** collection in a poker game.

He was also not indisposed to taking a drinking buddy with him on an all-expenses-paid trip to somewhere they could drink, gamble and have fun. **Europe**, say? Maybe **London**?

Somewhere outside Vegas or **Atlantic City**. Somewhere where Garnie could wear, rather proudly, his nicely fitted tuxedo. He'd have to wear his tuxedo to London. If not, he wouldn't get into the high-rolling London casino. It would be the bathing suit at the **Fo'c'sle Tavern** all over again, wouldn't it?

Anyway, one year Garnie decided to take reporter **Doug "Harko" Harkness**, a television political commentator at the time, along with him.

Folklore has it that the pair had a smashing time in London, and after Garnie went out and rented Harko his very own nicely fitted tuxedo.

The story goes that the pair were having so much fun that **Hugh Conrod**, Garnie's deputy at the **Rec Dept.** had to fly over to London to see what the hell was going on.

The story, as told, ended happily. The only casualty, it's said, was to be the suggestion that Harko's nicely fitted Tuxedo, from **Moss Bro., London**, was never returned to the store, and Garnie was left on the hook for it.



# CHILD PORN CASE SILENCE

● Given that a brief relating to his guilty plea on a **2008** speeding ticket can still be found on the **NovaNewsNow.com** website, I'm surprised I have yet to read in any of **Transcontinental's Valley** rags about **Kentville** financial planner **Charles Lenn Herritt's** pending kiddie porn charges.

The **41-year-old** president of **Wave Cycle Mutual Funds**, a company he founded in **2007**, **Foxhill Avenue** resident **Lenn** entered not guilty pleas on charges he accessed and possessed child porn last **June** and **July**.

The former **Investors Group** sales rep is due back in court **March 2**.

● Court records have identified the **27-year-old** woman arrested and charged last month with operating a bawdy house on **Clayton Park's Red Fern Terrace** as **Goldeen St. Anne Duncan**, who I believe hails from the **Caribbean**.

**Goldeen** (d.o.b. **Oct. 1, 1982**) is scheduled to enter a plea on that charge in **Halifax Provincial Court** **January 28**.

Back in **2007**, the **Bank of Montreal** filed suit against **Goldeen**, who was then living in a **Flamingo Drive** apartment. According to the suit, in **November 2006**, she deposited a cheque for **\$350,000** in **U.S.** funds at the **BMO** branch on **Mumford Road**.

She claimed it was "an inheritance," the suit says.

The bank released a portion of the funds, some of which were used to purchase a **2002 Jetta**, only to learn later the cheque was counterfeit.

The lawsuit says **Goldeen** signed over the car to reduce her debt to the bank, but **BMO** still wanted **\$41,884**.

**Goldeen** failed to defend that suit and a default order was granted by the court, entitling the bank to **\$42,525**, inclusive of costs.

The **7 Red Fern** abode cited in **Goldeen's** criminal case is owned by **South End Halifax** residents **Michael** and **Zinnia Yu**, who own a **\$510,500**-assessed home on **Regina Terrace**. The couple also hold the deeds to **134 Red Fern** (assess: **\$278,100**), **1 Swallow Street**, **Halifax** (assess: **\$356,900**) and **187 Stanfield Street**, **Dartmouth** (assess: **\$255,700**).

**Michael Yu** is the founder and a partner of **Easy Move Canada**, an immigration consulting biz.

● **Paula Jayne Robinson**, who once earned **\$18/hr** working as a database tech for the **Halifax Regional Municipality**, is scheduled to appear in **Halifax Provincial Court** on **Jan. 26** to answer to one count of fraud over **\$5,000** and **39** — yes **39** — counts of uttering forged documents, ie. cheques.

Court documents say the alleged crimes occurred between **October 2008** and **July 2009**, and identify **Swipe Inc.**, for whom **43-year-old Paula** worked, as the victim of the fraud.

**Paula**, also known as **Paula Jayne Chalifoux**, filed for bankruptcy in **2005**, claiming an inability to "pay debts on current income" and blaming "break up of relationship and illness" for her financial difficulties.

● Wondering about the identities of those alleged victims in the recently publicized criminal case of former **Truro** financial adviser, **Timothy Wade MacDonald**, **39**? We have 'em and here they are: **Andre Kelbrat**, **Doug & Francias Videto**, **Linda & Ricky Lynds**, **Darlene & James Isenor**, **Guy Roy**, **Alison Videto & Greg Parker**, **Holly Harrington**, and **Margo & Brian Rogers**.

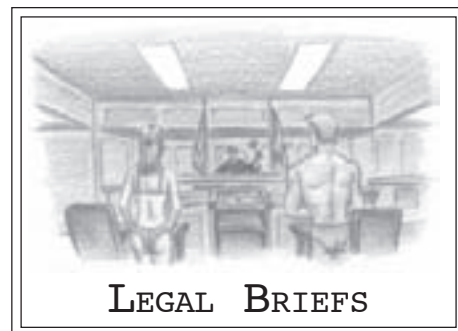
**Tim** is scheduled to appear in court on **January 27** in relation a series of theft and fraud charges. The Fuzz allege that several hundred thousand dollars is at question.



Natalie MacDonald-Pelrine

● Some thought she deserved jail time. I felt she deserved to be pistol-whipped in the parking lot in front of the **Dartmouth Courthouse** where she was once employed. But alas, disgraced ex-**Justice** fraudster **Natalie MacDonald-Pelrine**, **40**, got off with **12 months** house arrest and **18 months** probation for ripping off the **Court Services Division** of about **\$7,500** between **2004** and **2005** (**Frank 572**). Oh yeah, she also got community service and no restitution!

What a joke! That's twice the **Antigonish County** native/**Mount Uniacke** denizen has taken the **N.S.** taxpayer for a ride: first, by tak-



LEGAL BRIEFS

ing the money, and then by wasting countless dollars on an unnecessarily drawn-out **Supreme Court** trial.

I got an eyeful of the **Mary Kay** rep the day of her sentencing. She looked forlorn, but her skin was positively glowing.

● On **January 8**, the **N.S. Supreme Court** issued a default order against former **DFO** bigwig **Peter Partington** and his wife **Sarah** in relation to that **Royal Bank** lawsuit I mentioned in **Frank 572**.

The bank sued the **Lockeport**-area denizens last fall claiming they'd defaulted on a loan. They failed to file a defence in the matter and are now on the hook for a grand total of **\$29,981**.

● Five-second **Conservative** candidate **Rosamond Luke's** name was back on the **Provincial Court** docket recently in relation to a speeding ticket she was issued near **Dartmouth's Victoria Road** and **Highfield Park Drive** last **June**.

As I understand it, the **Camry**-driving **AWEDA** queen was a courthouse no-show and has been ordered to pay **\$279.50** for doing **90** in a **60** zone.

● True to their word, **Kearney Lake**-area dumptruck driver **Paul Behner** and his wiferoo, **Chronically Horrid** scribbler **Marilla Stephenson**, are appealing **Judge Glen McDougall's** decision giving the **Bank of Montreal** the okay to foreclose on their **Beechwood Terrace** home.

**Truro** lawyer **John Rafferty**, **Q.C.** is representing the **Behner-Stephensons**.

● **Judge Barbara "Shhhhhh" Beach** has handed **Cambridge Street**, **Halifax**-dweller **Matthew Roland Flinn**, **20**, **12 months** probation and **50 hours** of community service for a **December 2008** assault on **Hans Paul Rhindress** (**Frank 572**).

**Matt**, whose **South End** address matches a **\$529,900** abode owned by **Gorsebrook Junior High** teacher **Julie Pinsonnault-Flinn**, has been ordered to stay away from **Rhindress** and **Jonathan Higginbotham**, and attend for substance-abuse assessment and counselling as directed by his probation officer.

# WHAT ARE THEY HIDING?

FIND OUT WITH A FRANK PEEK AT SOME

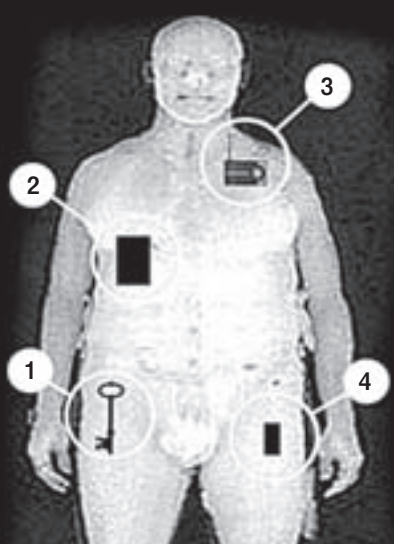
# CELEBRITY NAKED AIRPORT SCANS



**DARRELL DEXTER**



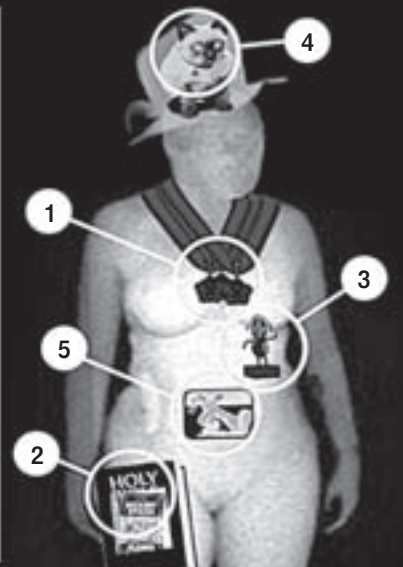
- 1) GOLDEN KEY GRANTING EXCLUSIVE ENTRY TO FABLED *PREMIER'S CRAPPER*
- 2) LAUNCH CODES FOR RITA MACNEIL'S BREASTS
- 3) HIDDEN RADIO TO RECEIVE 24-HR COMMANDS FROM OVERLORD CASTRO
- 4) CARD FROM CREEPY FORTUNE-TELLER MACHINE HE WISHED ON AT FAIRGROUND ...AND THEN WOKE UP NEXT MORNING AS *PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA*



**MAYANN FRANCIS**



- 1) EXTRA ORDER OF NOVA SCOTIA MEDALS FOR AIRPORT SECURITY PERSONNEL
- 2) FATHER'S BIBLE HOLLOWED OUT TO STORE DELICIOUS HICKORY STICKS
- 3) AMUSING "LIEUTENANT *GOOBER-NUT-TORIAL*" PEANUT FIGURINE
- 4) ANGEL THE CAT DRIVING HER LIKE IN "*RATATOUILLE*"
- 5) NOVELTY "KEEP ON PERFORMIN' WHATEVER THE HELL THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNER'S ACTUAL JOB IS" BELT BUCKLE



INDIVIDUAL WHO FOR LEGAL REASONS MUST REMAIN UNIDENTIFIED



- 1) MEDICALERT BRACELET WITH PHONE NUMBER FOR DARTMOUTH ALL-CITY BOYS' CHOIR
- 2) DEADLY EXPLODING UNDERP - SORRY, *DORA THE EXPLORER* UNDERPANTS
- 3) "PEDORETTE" PATCH
- 4) FLASH DRIVE FROM LAPTOP COMPUTER, CUNNINGLY SWAPPED FOR ONE CONTAINING INNOCENT PHOTOS OF PUPPIES... OR WAIT, HANG ON A SEC- IS **THIS** THE ONE WITH THE PUPPIES, AND-... **OH CRAP OH CRAP OH CRAP!!!!**



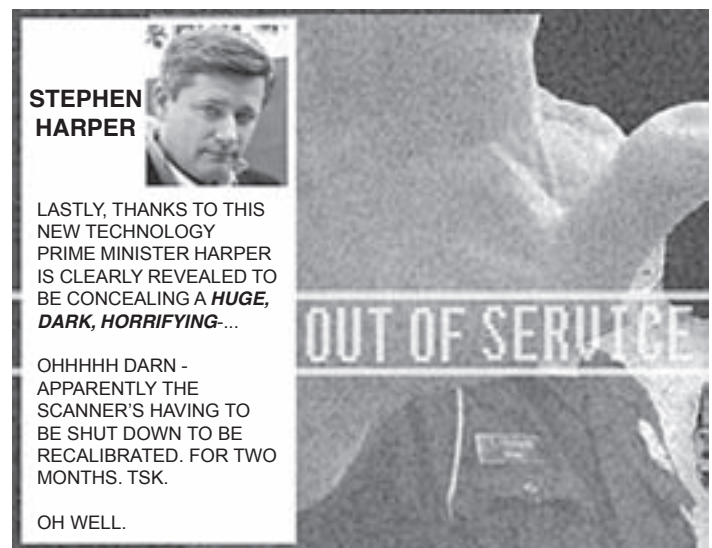
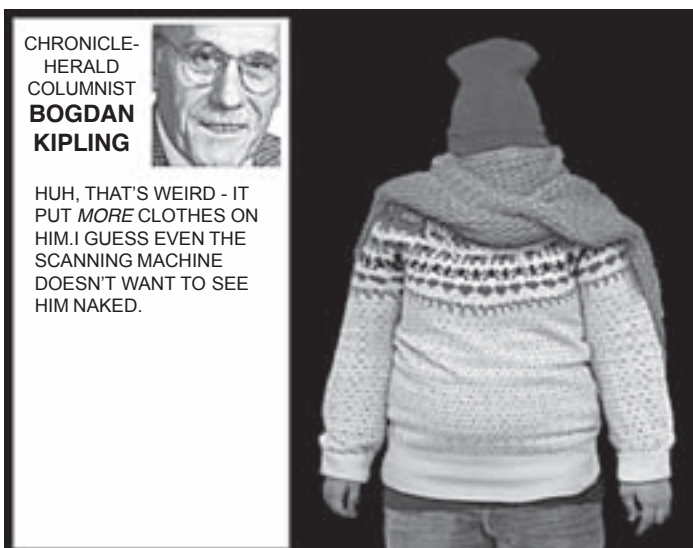
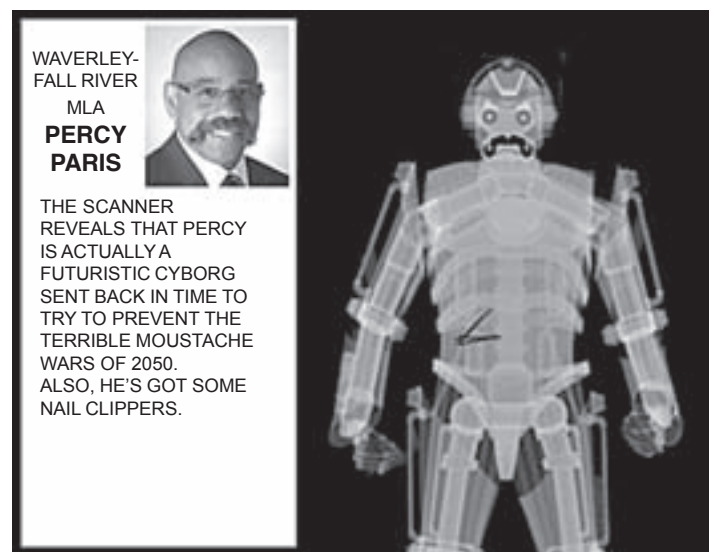
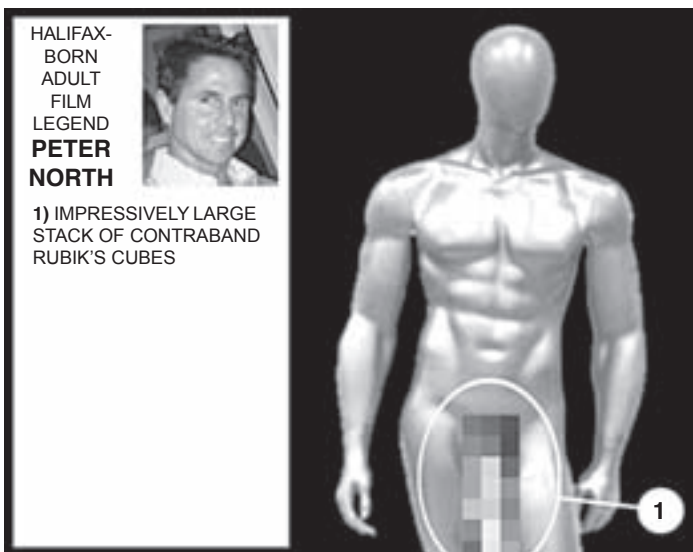
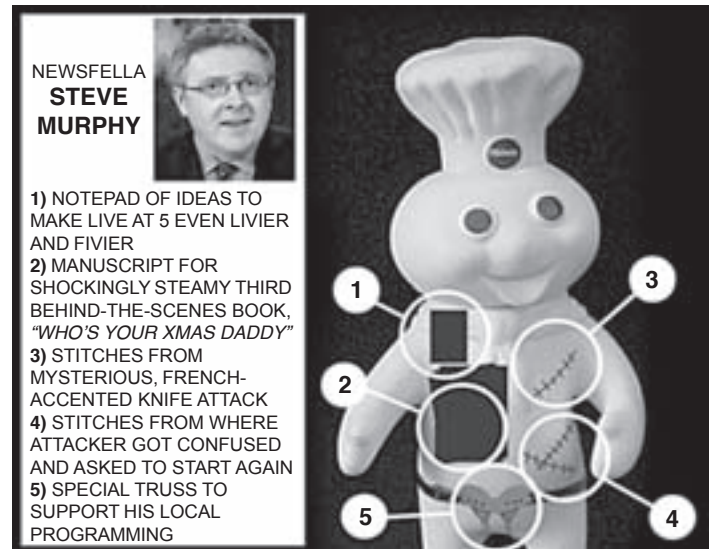
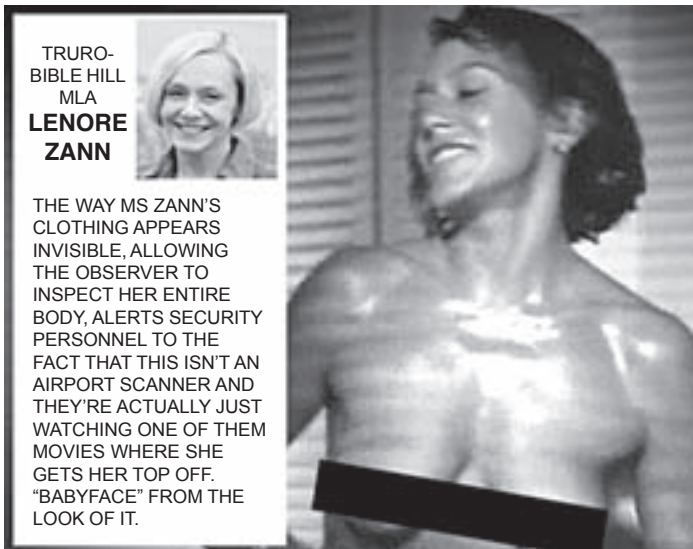
**TRURO MAYOR BILL MILLS**



- 1) HUGE TATTOO OF NAKED LADY TO FRIGHTEN AWAY GAYS AT SWIMMING POOL
- 2) RAZOR BLADES TO PREVENT HOMOSEXUALLY AGGRESSIVE SHOULDER-RUBS
- 3) RAINBOW GARLIC TO WARD OFF GAY VAMPIRES
- 4) SPECIAL ANTI-GAY PROTECTIVE UNDER-SHORTS
- 5) FEELINGS JOURNAL DR HARRISON SUGGESTED HE START KEEPING







# LETTERS

PHONE ANYTIME : (902) 420-1668  
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PO Box 295, HALIFAX, NS B3J 2N7

WE'RE HERE,  
WE'RE QUEER...

Dear Frank:

I continue to be troubled by homophobic **Truro** mayor **Bill Mills**'s unwavering stance on gays (**Frank 575**). Even more so when you consider that the man looks like one of **The Village People**.

Y.M.C. Eh,  
Shubenacadie



Bill Mills & friends (not exactly as illustrated).

## APPALLING OMISSION

Dear Frank:

Where was anti-sealer **Bridget Curran** on your most-appalling list (**Frank 575**)? Remember how threatened and intimidated her group was when **Metro Transit** driver **Dann Little** hopped off the bus and proceeded to club a toy seal on **Spring Garden Road**? You'll no doubt recall Mr. Little was suspended, then fired, just before hanging himself in the basement of the family home.



Bridget Curran & friend.

Flip Erz,  
Halifax

## SOME POLS ARE MORE EQUAL FUNNY THAN OTHERS

Dear Frank:

I find it amusing how you still rely on **Conservative** politicians from the ousted **Rodney Regime** for most of your laughs about **Nova Scotia** MLAs. There's lots of comedic value in reminiscing about Rodney, **Judy "Princess" Streach**, **Ernie Fage**'s impaired judgment and **Barry Barnet**'s ATVs for kids, and the rest.

I can't blame you, given that the main angles of **NDP** comedy revolve around **Percy Paris**'s magnificent mustache and lame **Communism** jokes about **Darrell Dexter**! Give the NDP a break — they have a lot of mess to clean up after the former regime's decadent era of excess!

Happy new year!

Roy L. Tee,  
HRM



Some things just never get old.

## ON CARDS & CRACKS

Dear Frank:

You'd get more subscriptions if you put a silly card in the paper occasionally. I hate to cut up the archive here on the mountain.

You could use a new **Acadia** correspondent. We're mostly retired.

And more T&A is always welcome.

Here we go: One year, 26 issues. \$44.95.

Thank you and Merry Xmas, politically incorrect as it is.

Seymour Phlesh,  
Kings County

## TASTELESS & CHEESY

Dear Frank:

I don't know about you, but the brazen actions of **Alehouse** personnel in relation to that **NSCAD** photo experiment (**The Frank 100**, **Frank 575**) didn't surprise me in the least.

What do you expect from a bar that equates a 72-ounce cheeseburger with a disaster that killed 2,000 people and levelled much of the city in which it does business?

What next? A payphone named after **Vince Coleman**?

T. Rashy,  
Halifax

## GETTING IN ON THE ACT

Dear Frank:

Given the amount of space you've devoted to the acting "talents" of former **Liberal** hack **Brad Armitage** (**Frank 567**), I was surprised you failed to mention him in your story concerning those dreadful **Grim Reaper/Liquor Corp** ads. Brad co-stars opposite **Gulliver Grim** in the series' "acting" commercial.



Brad Armitage

R. Mearchard,  
Haliwood

View the NSLC ads at [youtube.com/loyalsubscriber2](http://youtube.com/loyalsubscriber2)

## GOOD GAWD!

Dear Frank:

Who wrote that "**Just Not So Story**" about **Jesus Christ** and **Sidney Crosby** in the new **Frank** (**Frank 576**)?

I may not go to church, but even I'm not that much of a heathen.

Billy Bob  
McWilliams's  
Mother,  
Via telephone

## NICE WORK

IF YOU

CAN GET IT

Dear Frank:

I didn't see **ATV's Steve Murphy** in your end-of-year issue in December (**Frank 575**). Did you know Stevie

gets approximately 60 days off during the year? Wow! What a job!

E.Z. Duzzit,  
Ellershouse



Gratuitous butt shot.



# LETTERS

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PO Box 295, HALIFAX, NS B3J 2N7

## LETTER OF THE WEEK

# A REAL OLYMPIC HERO



Gary MacDonald

Dear Frank:

It may seem a little late, to you, for someone to be commenting on your **Torch Bearer Who's Who** list in **Frank 573**, but I've been busy. I wouldn't be bothering now, except that I'm a big fan of irony, and these short illuminated nods to history were, and are, rather ironic — to me, at least.

In the interest of sloth (my most-favourite deadly sin), I'll limit myself to historical ironies, as well.

Great **Olympic** moments, I've found, don't normally happen without at least one athlete being involved. Yet athletes have been poorly represented as torch luggers, so far — a situation made all the more obvious, when one reads an alphabetical list of luggers like the one you guys printed.

Worse, still, in my opinion, is the fact that our **Canadian** athletes, the ones who *have* created great Olympic moments, seem to be going largely ignored, even as they might be running past us on their turn of the relay.

Now I'll concede that not many great, Olympic moments can be attributed to Canadian athletes. But doesn't that mean we are obligated to glorify the few we have, with that attribute, on this seemingly interminable patriotic journey?

I say, "Yeah."

Perhaps organizers and the media, are all too busy preparing for, and running their own legs to book off some time to honour any *actual* Olympic heroes.

See, I'm told enough to remember the **1976 Summer Olympics**, one of our better outings. **Greg Joy**, remember him?

Well, every day, I rub shoulders with another silver medalist from those games, who toils away in virtual anonymity (as he did on his leg of the torch run), at the "grass roots" level, as a coach, teacher, strategist, and general nice guy, trying to produce athletes who might someday manage the success he had, in the sport he did: swimming.

I refer to "**Coach**" **Gary MacDonald**, who has turned the **Dalplex** pool into a very different place since he showed up.

This guy's the real deal, and he's got class up the yin yang. The morning after his evening leg, Gary brought in the running gear he wore, and his torch, for us regular shlubs to see and touch, instead of putting it all up for sale on **E-bay**. (Last time I checked, torches were going for **\$1,725** even.) Plus he answered every question, and left no stone unturned, when it came to explaining the protocols and procedures of his run. If you ask me, "**Coach**" produced a great Canadian Olympic moment and a half there, at Dal, the day *after* his symbolic jog, without swimming a single stroke in the pool.

He even classily brought in his silver medal, which he had classily worn the night before. How many Canadian athletes would do that, even if they could?

I saw the big, shiny bastard with my own eyes and touched it, too. It's magnificent. Truly. And get this: "**Coach**" went for a leak, while I was fondling his "pride and joy." Only a class act has the balls to go urinate, and leave some jerk (with a highly irregular background) alone to cover one of his most-prized possessions with skin cells and fingerprints, or hit the road with it.

We're a rough crowd up here at the 'Plex.

In terms of irony, I'd say Gary is a walking representation of the Olympic ideal: nobody knows who he is. Never has it been clearer to me that we are celebrating what might be, while hastily forgetting what has already been.

It sucks, man, and talk about passive aggressive.

Irony, too, is the fact that the torch is spending a lot of time getting a "lift" from one media centre to the next. I'm no historian, but I'm fairly sure that the ancient **Greeks** *never* drove their touch *anywhere*. Not even to the store for smokes. They ran it everywhere, I understand, which must've been a logistical nightmare

when the '68 Games were held in **Mexico**. I heard that the secret to running fire across water was scratched into marble slates, stored in **Pompeii**, which was lost, forever, after the Olympic head office got buried, along with everything else, under all that lava. As a result, I'm told, using aircraft was seen to be the second-best option - at least until if and when the slates are dug up.

Still, as long as the Greeks were on dry land, history dictated that they run the flame. When it's all said and done, I'll be a tad embarrassed, as a Canadian, if the torch saw more of our country from the back seat of a crowded SUV than it did in the hands of a corporate power broker, locally famous celebrity-type, or the occasional athlete.

Finally, and I'm just guessing here, I think the Greeks would've thought that holding Olympics in the wintertime was a lame idea, especially after they read a list of events, with brief explanations attached:

- "Competitors speed skate round and round, in a big circle? Why? What's a skate?"
- "One guy lies on top of another guy, and they slide down a hill together? For what reason (other than the obvious)?"
- "You put on skis, toss the poles and jump off a man-made ramp? How come? And tell me again: why did they build a ramp in the middle of nowhere in the first place?"

At least the summer games' events, for the most part, have their own historical foundations. That's also why I'm almost positive that the ancient Greeks would have laughed their asses off, when they saw rhythmic gymnastics.

I'm just saying.

Kirby Judge,  
Halifax

## WATCH OUT FOR THE LOCUSTS!

Dear Frank:

On **January 12** a blaze erupted in the row of historic buildings, on that lovely block on **South Street**. Also that morning, a plow driver knocked into a fire hydrant, flooding sections

of **Prince** and **Barrington**. The water promptly froze over. Hmmm. Flood, ice, and fire, at the same time. Like, OMG! Is the end near?

A.P. Ocolips,  
Halifax

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